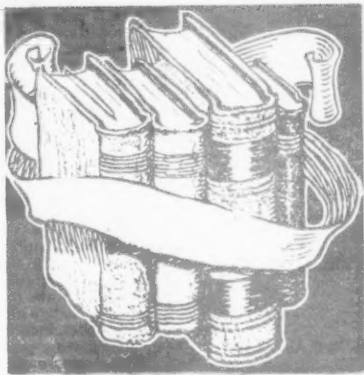


# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

JUNE 25, 1925  
VOLUME 99, NO. 26



MAKE UP YOUR MIND  
TO BE A LEADER . .  
MASTER YOUR WORK.  
NO MATTER WHAT IT  
MAY BE . . KNOW IT .  
EVERY DETAIL OF IT . . READ .  
THINK . PLAN AND KEEP AHEAD . .  
THAT PUTS YOU IN A POSITION  
TO SEIZE THE DECISIVE MO-  
MENT . . AND IF IT CHANCE THAT  
YOU STUMBLE AND GO DOWN .  
REMEMBER THIS: "WHO RISES  
EVERY TIME HE FALLS WILL  
SOME TIME RISE TO STAY."



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### PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER

**T**HE best way to prevent scarlatina is to avoid contact with anyone who is ill of the disease or who is carrying the germs of it with him. That is of course impossible in a city where you are continually brushing against others in the street and in public conveyances; but much can be done to protect others against our own sources of infection. It is not known just how long the danger of infection lasts, but it is wise to keep the patient isolated for six weeks from the beginning of the disease, and longer if there is any discharge from ears or nose, or if the skin is still peeling. The sick room should be without carpet, curtains or upholstered furniture, and no one except the doctor and nurse should be allowed to enter it. The nurse must wear in the sick room a cap and a gown that are to be discarded outside, and she must change all her other clothing, including her shoes, before she goes out into the street or among other people.

The doctor on his visits should remove his overcoat and coat and put on a gown that covers him completely, fastened at the wrists and the neck. He should wear storm rubbers in the sick room and also a cap that completely covers his head. On leaving the room he must wash his face, neck and hands and then apply an antiseptic lotion. He should not visit another child for a couple of hours and should be in the open air for as much of that time as possible. Without these precautions there is danger that he may carry the germs about with him.

After the child has recovered his toys and picture books must be burned. All bedclothes, handkerchiefs and towels must be boiled for an hour. The walls and floor should be washed with a solution of bichloride of mercury, and the room may be fumigated with formaldehyde. The latter precaution, however, is considered to be unnecessary by many health officers, who believe that air and sunlight will kill any germs left after the antiseptic scrubbing and repainting and papering.

Two Chicago physicians, man and wife, the Doctors Dick, have discovered the germ of scarlet fever and have obtained a serum, analogous to the diphtheria antitoxin, by means of which a child who has been exposed can be rendered immune, and one who already has the disease can be cured. When, for any reason, that serum cannot be given the treatment should be along general lines; that is, treat symptoms as they arise, make the patient as comfortable as possible, maintain his strength and take such precautions as may be possible to support the heart and prevent kidney and ear complications.

### RADIATOR COFFEE

**M**ANY an automobile-camper has found his radiator a source of hot water at need—but for true economy of effort commend us to the ingenious heathen Chinese. Here is his latest triumph as reported in Forest and Stream. His means of preparing coffee "ready to serve" on arrival is clever—but we think we should rather wait a bit for ours.

The true radiator coffee is the invention of Wing Hop, capable cook for the L-O ranch. Wing's "chuck wagon" is a flivver truck, and the boys know that when it has bumped its way through sage brush, gullies, badger holes and such minor obstructions there will unfailingly be hot coffee awaiting them on their arrival. Wing's method is to make a strong liquid extract of coffee by boiling down powdered coffee in water. (Any of the prepared "instant" coffee pastes should serve as well.) Formula: one radiator full of clean water, one ketchup bottle full of coffee extract, one hour's driving with the truck; drain into coffeepot for appearance's sake and serve hot.



## THE YOUTH'S



## COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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# HOW DOTHTHE LITTLE BUSY BEE?



By Lelia Munsell

"WOA!" sang out Jake Krack as he drove his wagon alongside the barn. "Hi, there, Johnny! Take off this team."

Johnny Krack came out of the barn and unhitched the big team. They were fat and sleek like all his father's horses. His father began to pull the new lumber off the wagon and pile it up by the barn.

Mrs. Krack came out of the house. "Jake," she said, "you're not going to put the new barn here, after our all begging you not to, are you?"

"Don't see any sense in going to the expense of putting in a new foundation just for look's sake," he replied.

"But you'll have to put in a part-new foundation anyway," she urged.

Her husband made no reply. He merely went on unloading the lumber. Mrs. Krack hesitated a moment; she was on the point of saying something else, but her lips were trembling so that she did not dare risk speaking. She went round the wagon and into the barn.

"It's a shame, ma," said Johnny, and his eyes were tender and sympathetic. "Wish a tornado would blow his new barn down as soon as he gets it finished."

"Hush, Johnny," she cautioned him. "Your father's a good man, only he's—he's just a man of one idea."

"He's just contrary," Johnny was big and good-natured, but he was full of righteous indignation at that moment. "If we'd raise a racket about his moving it back where we wanted it, he'd have put it there in spite of blazes."

His mother did not contradict him; in her heart she thought he was right. The old barn was almost directly in front of the house. The Krack farm was the only one in the whole neighborhood that had no lawn and no flowers. Mrs. Krack and the children longed for beauty, and they had pleaded to have the new barn set behind the house in a position more suitable for it. Mrs. Krack's brother, Joel Morse, had added his influence, but Jake was obstinate. "Mighty handy location—used to it. Foundation there and all," he had replied to all their arguments.

All hope was gone now. Mrs. Krack accepted the inevitable, as she had accepted it many times before. By the time she had reached the house she was able to smile.

"Is pa going to build the new barn right out in front?" lamented Hattie and Ida, who had been watching the unloading.

"Yes," their mother replied. Then she tried to comfort them. "We'll try some flowers in the garden next year. And think how nice it is going to be to have all the

honey we want. But don't tell your father about the bees tonight. Let's have him find them as a surprise tomorrow."

She had another worry on her mind besides the barn. Johnny had brought home four stands of fine Italian bees from his Uncle Joel's that afternoon while his father was away and had set them along the garden fence. Johnny had wanted bees for a long time, but Mrs. Krack had been afraid to let him get any. His father did not believe in side lines; it was straight farming for him.

"Ma," Johnny had urged, "if I can't have something I want, I'm going to leave and go where I can. It's my own money that I earned working for Uncle Joel. Pa'll come around when you give him honey and hot biscuit."

"You go and get the bees, Johnny," Mrs. Krack had finally said.

"It was not until the next morning after breakfast that Jake Krack discovered the bees. His glance fell on them as he and Johnny went out the back porch together.

"Where'd you get them?" he demanded.

"Of Uncle Joel," answered Johnny.

"Who told you you could get bees?"

"I did," said Mrs. Krack, who had followed them out.

At the unwonted note of independence in her voice her husband turned and looked at her. "All tomfoolery!" he exploded. "Puttering around with such nonsense plays hob with farming."

"Now, pa," said Johnny, "it was my own money that I bought them with. I'll work extra fast to make up for the little time I'll put on them. Uncle Joel says his bees make him more money according than his wheat. I'm aiming to start a herd of registered Holsteins like you want, and I figure the bees will give me a start."

That made a hit. Anything with a thrift element made a hit with Jake Krack. His wife saw it and took advantage of it.

DRAWN BY  
D. G. SUMMERS

Then Jake Krack cried: "It's a twister! Best go to the cave"

"Johnny," she said, "you go and get out the team. And, Jake, you come in a minute. I want to talk with you."

It wasn't often that she spoke like that, but when she did her husband usually heeded. True to form, however, he growled out as he followed her in: "Strikes me Joel is butting in where he has no business to, setting Johnny up in the bee business. He knows I don't believe in fooling away time on side lines. It always makes a shoddy farmer."

"Joel isn't a shoddy farmer," retorted his wife. "He makes as much money as you do, and he keeps bees and has fruit and all such things."

"But think what he might make if he stuck to straight farming."

"And think of the honey and the fruit they have for the table, and we don't."

"Guess we have enough to eat," Jake was offended at her implication.

"We have enough good, plain food, but we don't have much variety, Jake. I gave in to you about the barn, but I want those bees. And I'll tell you another thing. If you want to keep Johnny on the farm you've got to let him have something of his own."

Jake Krack was no fool; he knew that boys have a way of taking the bit in their teeth, and he had seen a growing rebelliousness in his son. He didn't want Johnny to leave the farm; Johnny was a mighty fine boy. But Jake was too contrary to admit it, and so he merely grunted: "All right. Have your own way about it."

The bees got to work at once. There was a big field of clover on the farm, and they found it. Johnny had put supers on the hives, and then one day he took out several pounds of honey for table use. The next morning the Kracks had a treat—hot biscuits and honey.

"Tastes pretty good, doesn't it, pa?" said Johnny, grinning.

"Pretty good," conceded his father as he

spread his tenth biscuit with the rich sweet. "But just wait till some of you get stung."

That afternoon Mrs. Krack was stung in two places. She applied home remedies and cautioned the children to say nothing about it, but her husband saw the bumps.

"Got stung, didn't you?" he crowed.

"Honey's worth being stung for," said Ida. "I'd rather be stung than do without the honey."

"Yes, you would," scoffed her father. "You and Hattie would howl like Comanches if just one bee stung you."

The next forenoon the two little girls were playing in the yard with Zip, the dog. Zip jostled one of the hives, and the girls were stung on the face and on the arms. It hurt, and they howled.

"I told you," stormed their father. He loved the little girls tenderly, and he hated to see them suffer. "Johnny, you can take those bees right back. The next thing you know the baby'll be crawling out around the hives, and he'll get stung."

By that time the remedies that Mrs. Krack had applied had taken some of the pain out of the bumps. Hearing their father's ultimatum to Johnny, both little girls came to the rescue.

"I don't care if I was stung," Ida declared stoutly. "It won't hurt long. Please don't make Johnny take back the bees." And then Hattie chimed in. They were ready to cry as hard over the prospect of losing the bees as they had cried over being stung.

"You needn't cry, girls; the bees are not going back," said Mrs. Krack. The quiet determination in their mother's voice comforted them.

Her husband had noted that quiet determination, too. "Have it your own way," he conceded. "Only why in creation did you put them so near the house? Why didn't you put them out south of the barn by the big clover field?"

"We put them here, pa," explained Johnny, "because we thought you'd raise a racket if we put them near the barn."

"Huh!" said his father. "Well, you put them out under that big tree. The kids can keep away from there. If they get stung, it's their own fault."

"All right," Johnny grinned. He and the bees had won a victory. That was exactly where he wanted to put them in the first place. "I'll shut them up tight tonight and move them first thing in the morning."

"Move them now," said his father.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"How? Why, pick them up and carry them."

Johnny laughed. "You'd get stung aplenty if you tried that."

"Not if you lifted them quiet-like."

"You try it if you want to," said Johnny, "but excuse me!"

Early the next morning Johnny moved the bees. They liked their new quarters and fell busily to work. One day Uncle Joel came over, and he and Johnny took fifty pounds of perfect honey out of the four supers. They also took the honey from one hive just to see how much they were making. They were fine bees, and there wasn't a better field of clover in the country. Except ten pounds, which he kept for table use, Johnny sold all the honey for forty cents a pound.

All this made Jake Krack almost as enthusiastic as his son, but he was slow in speaking about it. It was almost two weeks before he said to Johnny: "If those bees are going to pay that well, might as well have a dozen swarms as four. We've got a little time; we'll make some new hives and have them ready. Don't want to lose any swarms."

That was quite a concession for his father, and Johnny accepted it in the spirit in which it was made. They finished two hives that evening.

The next morning his father sent Johnny out to complete some work afield. It was the last of the field work for a time. They would begin demolishing the old barn that afternoon. Jake Krack himself had a few odds and ends that he planned doing before tackling that big task. One of them was to put the new hives in place. He was getting really interested in the bees. The position of the old stands did not suit him; he decided to move them farther south. No use waiting till night. He'd show Johnny a thing or two!

He picked up a hive very quietly, very gently. *Sping!* A bee struck him on the forehead. It made him jump and jostle the hive. A dozen bees came at him. He dropped the hive, and they swarmed at him. He ran, and they pursued.

Johnny was just coming in. He had finished his task and was glad to be through. "Wind in that cloud," he concluded, as he turned his team into the pasture. All the other horses had been put into the pasture the night before; they would not be used for a while. It was part of his father's thrift to save grain whenever possible. He saw his father drop the hive, saw him pursued by a cloud of angry bees.

"Lie down and roll, pa!" he shouted. "Lie down and roll!"

To his surprise his father obeyed. "First time I ever knew pa to do a thing somebody asked him to right off the bat," Johnny confided to Uncle Joel later.

As was to be expected, Jake Krack was angry. "Those bees go right back," he ordered as soon as the pain had subsided enough for him to talk. "I've let you have your own way, and look what's happened! You take them right back. Hear me?"

"Better wait till night, hadn't I? Unless you want to move the rest of them right now."

Good-natured Johnny was angry clear through. He had warned his father what would happen if he tried to move a hive while the bees were working, but you could not tell pa anything!

After a while things quieted down a bit in the house, but they had all been too busy to notice how ominously quiet it had grown outside. It was Hattie who called the others' attention to it.

"What a queer color!" she exclaimed. "And what's that? Looks like a giant walking right across the sky?"

For a moment, fascinated, they watched the black funnel as it corkscrewed rapidly towards them. Then Jake Krack cried: "It's a twister! Best go to the cave."

When Jake Krack suggested going to the cave there was something surely to be afraid of. He had always pool-poohed at the idea of being afraid of storms. Mrs. Krack snatched up the baby, her husband caught up one little girl, Johnny took the other, and

they rushed to the cave and pulled the door to behind them.

The noises that soon came to them were terrifying. There in the darkness the little family clung to one another, forgetting everything but the common danger and their real love for one another.

*Crack!* Something was flung against the cave door. A moment later there was another crash. Then silence. After a time Johnny ventured to open the door, pushing away the obstacle that had been flung against it. It was a broken beehive.

Outside desolation met their view. The barn was flat. The tree under which the beehives had stood was twisted off, as you might twist off a weed. The windmill nearer the house was down, and also the big elm in the back yard. But the house was untouched. The tornado had missed it by not more than fifteen feet.

"Always something to be thankful for," said Johnny, grinning. "Saved me the trouble of taking the bees back. They're gone."

Hattie gave a squeal and clapped her hand to her forehead. "No, they're not!" she cried. Her father was stepping out over the wreckage. He snorted angrily and stepped back quickly. Several bees had attacked him.

Ida rubbed a finger on one of the boards and then licked it off. "The honey's scattered all over," she said.

Mrs. Krack had telephoned to her brother. Uncle Joel and some of the neighbors came over quickly. They reported that no one had been hurt.

"You seem to be the favored party, Jake," said Uncle Joel, laughing. "The twister seems to have swooped down, picked up your barn, and vanished."

Jake Krack laughed; he was feeling too thankful for his family to worry about any damage. "It saved me tearing down the old barn. I'll get a crew together tomorrow, and we'll begin to clear up the wreckage." Jake never let grass grow under his feet.

"Why don't you put the new barn back of the house?" asked Uncle Joel when the next day he came to help. "It's a better location in every way."

"Maybe, in your opinion," Jake Krack answered, and Uncle Joel said no more. He knew it was no use to argue with his brother-in-law.

So they began clearing up the afternoon after the storm. That is, they tried to begin, but the bees had preempted the field. They were gathering up their lost honey. Let a man try to interfere with their work and they attacked him singly, by twos and threes, by dozens and by platoons! The men went home; they refused to stay and be stung.

"We can't do anything here, Jake, till the bees quit," said Uncle Joel.

"Can't you get a tin pan or something and swarm the things off?" demanded Jake.

Uncle Joel shook his head.

"How long will it take to get this stuff cleaned up, so we can get to work?"

"A month maybe."

Behind Jake Krack's back Uncle Joel winked at Johnny. That forenoon he and Johnny had reconstructed some hives. "Give them a place to store it and they'll gather up most of the honey," he had said to the boy.

Jake Krack grunted and began pulling out some boards. *Spang!* Three bees found three spots on his hands that had not been already stung. He dropped the boards and went to the house.

Uncle Joel, very thoughtful, followed him in. "Jake," he said, "I'm not wanting to butt into your business, but I am going to say this. I think it's just plain contrariness, your being so set to put the new barn where the old one was. You know the other location is better in every way. And it looks to me—"

Uncle Joel paused and then grinned. "Now doesn't it really look to you, Jake, as though Providence was taking a hand in locating the new barn where it belongs?"

"Pa," Johnny broke in eagerly, "Uncle Joel says he thinks those bees will gather up nigh to a hundred dollars' worth of honey. If they do, I'll give you every dollar for the new foundation. And I'll give you all my other bee money if you'll put the new barn back where ma wants it."

Jake Krack made no reply. That was encouraging. Mrs. Krack came up and put a hand on her husband's arm. "Jake," she said, "I never wanted anything worse in my life than to have the barn put back. You can't understand how the children and I have hated the ugliness of it all. You don't care for looks, but we do. We might all have

been killed, Jake. Aren't you thankful enough that we weren't to do something to please us?"

"Thankful?" Jake took the baby from her, and his other arm went round her. "Thankful?"

# HEARTH FIRES TO CONTENT

DRAWINGS BY  
HAROLD SICHEL



By Gertrude West

## V. The Embers

SUMMER, tinted like blue-and-gold butterfly wings, flitted over Prosperity Ridge with the swiftness of all bright, busy days. While the wheat seemed still only a green-gold billow suddenly it was garnered and overflowing its granaries. Before you realized that the rank green corn was shoulder high it was weighted with heavy ears. And, looking up to the dense cool summer leafage, you saw a yellow leaf.

One morning Sary awoke to the aching little thought that today at last was the day to pull on to Bethel. There was no excuse for lingering longer on the ten acres of which, by their year's stay, according to the terms of Colonel Avery's promise, she and Al had earned possession. Dan Avery and his father had long since ceased to be the strangers they were when Al first found them.

All her life Sary had dried fruit and vegetables rather than can them, because fruit jars were hard to move. Now four white, plump flour sacks of dried apples, dried peaches, dried corn and dried beans were bobbing gayly from the rafters of her little smoke house. Bacon hung there too, well smoked sides of bacon from last winter's butchering; and there were potatoes in the bin beneath. The Quillens would not start upon their travels empty handed.

"Everything is ready; there ain't no excuse fer stayin' longer," said Sary, sighing to herself upon that last morning as she set her shining tea kettle over the fire. "Al 'lowed we could get ready to pull out by midafternoon. By dinner time most everything'll be packed; I s'pose this is my last stove-cooked meal till we get to Bethel."

"Tain't fur, though, Sary," called out Al gayly, looking in at the doorway. "We'll reach there late tomorrer. If we'd start early of a mornin' we could make it in a day—hard drivin', but I sort o' hankered to spend one night anyway in the open 'fore we coized down fer the winter. I feel, Sary," confided the little old man jubilantly, "like somethin' caged that's been set free. Nobody ain't ever goin' to clip my wings no more."

Just then Colonel Avery appeared down the path from the big house; he was slapping one palm absently with a folded white paper as he walked. He stopped before Al in the doorway. "So you've made up your mind to leave us?" he inquired perfunctorily, but in the curt voice there was an odd, wistful note that tugged at Al's heart.

"It ain't always what a man makes up his mind to, colonel," explained Al gently. "Some things jist sort o' seem to decide themselves fer him. We think a lot o' you folks, Sary and me. We'd like first rate to keep livin' neighbors to ye, but we jist ain't the kind o' folks that's born to stay put. To foller our 'footpath to peace' we've got to keep travelin'."

The colonel shook his head, unconvinced. "I can't understand it, Al," he maintained. "Old bones were made for rest, but here,"—he held out the folded paper,—"here's the deed to the ten acres. You'll never travel again from the need of owning a home."

Al took the paper with a hand that trembled a trifle. "Me a landowner, Sary—" he

"And you will put the new barn back?" insisted Mrs. Krack.

"I—oh, well, have it your own way," he said. It was the only thing he could think of to say that would cover the threatened break in his voice.

started his joke, but his old voice broke upon the jest.

Together his own white head and that of his wife bent above the magic paper while the colonel cleared his throat briskly and looked away and tried to hide a dimness in his eyes. Then Al thrust the deed into Sary's hands and raised his happy, wrinkled face.

"It's yours, old girl," he said to Sary gayly, "an' you, colonel,"—he turned to Avery,— "I can't thank ye enough fer what ye've done."

"Thanks!" snorted the colonel. "It strikes me the thanks are coming the other way. I have value received for every inch of these ten acres, but what you have done for me, Al—those things one does not measure by value received."

"Heckadoodle," remonstrated Al; "you're makin' it too strong, colonel."

As they stood there, each praising the other's kind heart and making light of his own, the thin brown hand of one sought the stubby knotted one of the other, and their fingers clung together, betraying a deep-seated emotion that mere tongues could not phrase.

"So long then, colonel," said Al gayly; "we'll land back here one o' these days no doubt fer a spell. Ye ain't seen the last of us, colonel, by a long shot."

"Well, I hope not, Al," declared Colonel Avery earnestly.

He grasped Sary's hand cordially and, lifting his old slouch hat in his courtliest manner, turned and went striding away. His back looked grim and soldierly, but his white moustache was working oddly, and once he whisked out his handkerchief.

Al and Sary, watching from the doorway, saw the gesture. "These here good-bys, Sary," said Al ruefully, "they're the only things I'd like to leave out of our scheme of life. They sadden a feller's day."

If the day was saddened, it was nevertheless a busy one. There was packing to do—a harder task than ever before, because there were some things that must be left behind: a rustic bench that Al had made under the dooryard trees, a built-in corner cupboard where Sary loved to keep her scanty stock of linen and the fireplace, the beloved fireplace where the fire had glowed so many happy nights.

The old lady stepped with determination past all the things that seemed to reach out and beckon her. Stooping to her two huge packing boxes, she tried to fill them as neatly and matter-of-factly as she had always done before.

Al had gone away, whistling. "I guess I'd better ketch up the ponies an' look over the harness a little, Sary," he had said.

Now Sary heard him coming behind the horses up from the pasture; his voice was rollicking boyishly ahead of him:

"Then hey, boy, ho! To California go! Fer there's plenty of gold, so I've been told, On the banks of the Sacramento."

"All these years," thought Sary, "I've gone whenever the road called him. I reckon one more move don't make so much difference."

The red autumn sun was sloping to mid-afternoon when the two big packing boxes were hoisted to their old places in the wagon bed and the ponies stood cocking wise ears ready to begin the long-postponed journey. Folds of purple mist lay over the fading brilliance of the valleys, and the far-off rolling timber rested in ever paling tiers of amethyst,



blurring at last into the sky. It was on just such a day that the old couple had jogged contentedly into the "land o' plenty," and it was with a thought of that day, a year past, that Sary put the key into the lock and fastened the door of her little house.

The two old people climbed stiffly to the high wagon seat. "Bethel er bust!" called Al jubilantly. "Heah, Jowler! Heah, Big Enough! Git along, ponies."

The white-hooded wagon lurched and started. Down the long drive to the highway it crept. Down one slope and up another. From the ridge, when the old eyes turned backward, only tree tops and the red chimneys were visible. The "land o' plenty" lay behind.

As the shadows stretched longer Al's jovial mood of setting out changed to one of thoughtful silence.

Sary, too, had fallen silent, trying hard to keep the wistfulness out of her eyes lest it cloud Al's serenity; but once, forgetting herself, she remarked with a little sigh, "I'm 'fraid, Al, Mike and the rest o' the boys'll miss their home cookin' at their new boardin' place. Mis' Bascum, she ain't no great of a cook."

Al chuckled. "Well, Sary," he reassured her, "they're young, an' I reckon their stomachs'll stand it."

Over the far, still, timbered hills a lilac veil drew itself, thickening imperceptibly, and a keen acrid odor of burning grass and leaves tanged the bracing air. Here and there thin cloud-gray and fog-blue spirals of smoke filmed up into the misty sky, and a dusty cloud of it veiled the low sun till it hung a red coal in the west.

A little worried pucker settled upon Sary's sweet old face. She kept sniffing uneasily and throwing now and then a covert glance back over her shoulder until at last her fears got the better of her and she spoke hesitantly into the old man's ear. "Al," she inquired uneasily, "are ye right shore that ye kivered the embers?"

The old man started ever so little and looked back the way they had come. "Why, o' course," he said. "Why, Sary, ain't I allus been the keefulest kind of feller 'bout camp fires?"

"Oh, camp fires—yes, Al," the old wife hastened to say, "but—hearth fires now, Al, ye ain't never had much experience with hearth fires—ye might fergit."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Al. "Pshaw, Sary! Why, heckadoodle, he filipped gayly into forced joke, "goin' on eighty, I am, old girl, an' I ain't never yit burnt up anything but firewood. What d'ye take me fer?"

But, shrewd with wifely wisdom, Sary read a bit of uneasiness below the braggart talk.

They pitched an early camp. Though the sun was still above the horizon, Al drew up a trifle hurriedly at the first suitable camping place and declared it good enough. "I'm hankerin' fer some o' your camp-fire coffee, Sary," he said, "an' I can't wait no longer."

But, jovial though he seemed, the old wife saw him cast one more troubled glance back through the smoky twilight as he led the ponies away to water.

Beside their guarded little blaze the pair ate the frugal, savory supper with a trifle of forced gusto. Dusk had come on. Through the smoke the high stars seemed a bit remote and vague. The once-accustomed outdoor chill set Sary to shuddering her old shawl closer about her. Twilight on the open trail was to them like the face of an old friend, but tonight there was a look of lurking loneliness behind that serene face, and they sought their bed in the covered wagon early.

Sary was tired. After a year of sheltered living her old bones had wearied on the jolting road. Her wistful thoughts of Phyllis and the boys and the kindly little house back there in the "land o' plenty" ran presently into wistful dreams, and she woke to Al's voice in her ear and his gentle hand shaking her shoulder.

"Sary," he called in a troubled quaver. "Sary, git up. The sky is all aglow back yonder, an' I jist can't stand it any longer. S'posen I didn't kiver the embers!"

Sary sat up, trembling from her startled waking. The scent of smoke was stronger. Peering beneath the wagon cover, she saw dull, glowing blots along the dark horizon back in the direction of the Avery place.

"But shorely ye did, Al," she hastened to reassure the worried old man. "I'm satisfied ye wouldn't o' forgot."

Al shook his head; the desperation of worry sat oddly on his rosy face. "Sary," he repeated, "I might hev, ye know, an' I can't stand it. We've got to go back an' see."

"All right then, Al," agreed the old wife,

and she scrambled quickly down after her husband to make things ready for their hasty departure.

For the first time in all their travels she helped to harness and hitch the ponies, and, departing still further from custom, she herself called to Jowler and Big Enough, so that the sleepy hounds might not be left behind.

"What time is it, Al?" she inquired briefly as the two climbed once more into the wagon.

"I never thought to look," answered the old man sheepishly and turned his big turnip of a watch toward the lantern light. The hands pointed to twelve o'clock, and just then a rooster at a valley farm trumpeted the signal of another day.

For all his perturbation, Al chuckled feebly. "It's the first time in all our travels, Sary," said he, "that we ever hit the trail at midnight."

Al coaxed the surprised ponies into a brisk trot, and the old wagon moved out of its sheltered camp spot and up to a higher level. From there the

whole night world lay a dark stretch of smoky silver to the rose-blotched sky line.

"They're brightenin'," said Al anxiously, pointing to the rosy blots, and Sary's faded eyes, following the direction of the pointing whip, saw that with the slow movement of a winter sunrise they were changing to the tint of flame.

The back track was no such leisurely journey as the forward one had been. The hurrying ponies dampened under the collars; the white-topped wagon lurched and careened down the dark road like a balloon billowing close to earth; and two dark, following shapes, the curious hounds, trotted obediently along upon the unprecedented midnight journey.

As the wagon topped the last rise and the eager, troubled eyes of the old couple looked out once more upon the "land o' plenty," a simultaneous exclamation of mingled relief and consternation broke from their lips.

"Thanks be," quavered Sary, "it ain't our home!"

"It's the Turner cottage!" cried Al. "The fire's run in from that neck o' woods pasture an' caught 'em, unprepared. See, Sary,"—he pointed to black darting figures against the quivering ranks of flame,— "the boys and even Avery himself is out fightin'. I've got to push on an' help."

For the first time in their plodding lives the ponies felt the lash of Al's whip, and with a startled plunge that made Sary cling helplessly to the wagon seat they took the last smooth grade.

The weary fire-fighters, looking up, might have fancied that they saw aid coming on a cloud, for, like a burst of steam, the white canopied wagon rolled down the slope and had barely come to rest before Al was out and had joined the hurrying men who were working so desperately against the flames already charging on beyond the kindled house.

It was a moment before Sary, tremulous with excitement and that last valiant spurt of speed, took in the scene before her, but when she did the first thing to catch her eye was a huddled little group in the edge of the firelight. Three little girls, the two younger under the sheltering arms of the eldest, were crowded together, big-eyed and solemn as they watched the roof and the walls of their tidy little home fall in like so much flaming paper. Sary recognized at once Turner's three motherless little girls.

"Bertha," called the old lady. "Bertha, child, come here."

The three little figures moved, turned curious faces toward the wagon as if they had only just then seen it and in answer to the gentle, summoning voice came hurrying forward.

"Why, it's Aunt Sary!" cried Bertha joyously.

She handed the smallest girl up to the old lady's arms and followed with a hand held back to guide the second little sister. "Your house was dark," the child hurried on. "We thought you had gone away. My, it's snug



The white canopied wagon . . . had barely come to rest before Al was out

and warm up here under the cover! We were getting pretty cold."

Sary drew the warm robe closer about the seat full of children beside her and reached down for the basket of cookies she had baked that morning. "It's a bad time o' night to be routed out o' bed," she said. "Let's all have a cookie."

The cold little hands were full in a moment.

"We didn't save nothing, nothing," ran on Bertha's excited small voice between bites, "except ma's picture. Pa got that out, but then," she reasoned candidly, "I don't know what we'll do with it. No house to hang it in."

"The ground's awful cold," said the youngest, nibbling sleepily upon Sary's lap. "Will you let us sleep in your wagon, Aunt Sary?"

Sary held the child close and in a voice that quavered with tenderness sent her off to sleep with gentle reassurances. It was perhaps an hour that the old lady sat there hovering the sleeping children, watching the burning house pale to red ashes and the hurrying dark figures driving back the flames from threatening her own little home and the big lighted Avery house on the hill.

"I'm glad it wasn't our house," she told herself, "because, if it had a been, Al would always have blamed himself lest he didn't kiver the fire." But she found it very hard to be thankful for her own good fortune with those three homeless little mites asleep in her arms.

"I wish," she thought wistfully, "that it was so's Al and me could take 'em in and keef fer 'em a spell till their dad gits things righted an' another home fixed to take 'em to. Mrs. Avery'll take 'em, I feel shore o' that, an' be kindness itself to 'em, but the poor babies will wander round like stray kittens in them big fine-fixed rooms. They're used to a little snug, plain place like Al an' me could give 'em; but then," she added with a stifled sigh, "that ain't to be. Al's all fer pullin' on. I've got no roof to offer."

Sitting there so quietly, cuddling the sleeping children, the old woman dozed off. She awoke to the familiar pipe of Al's buoyant voice. Always thereafter it was to be the little braggart's innocent boast that it was only his timely return that had saved the "land o' plenty" from destruction.

"We shore whipped her out at last, Turner," he was boasting now jubilantly. "We shore did, an' if help hed reached ye sooner we'd have saved yer place fer ye too. But the land's yours still, man, an' with the willin' help ye'll hev another snug shack can be throwed up with little cost or time. As to furnishin's, a man kin do with mighty little o' that, so's they's a warm fire on his hearth."

The two men had reached the side of the wagon as Al finished, and Turner, who had suffered the night's loss, included the blinking old woman in the swift glance of gratitude that he gave to Al. "I know," he agreed. "I never lost no great sight, for I'd nothin'

much to lose, and there's always a new start ahead; but just the same I can't thank you two enough for the kind offer ye've made me. With the children in good hands, it won't take me long to forge ahead again."

Sary sat up sharply. There was something startling in the man's grateful words and also something oddly suspicious in Al's sly, guilty twinkle that swept her way and then lowered to his stubby, scuffed old shoes.

"But—but—" stammered Sary, "the wagon and the tent—they're sort o' drafty, Al, an' winter's comin' on. Them babies, they're used to their warm beds an' tight walls. Are ye shore we kin offer 'em the comforts they ought to have?"

Al's toe kicked in the frosty grass. He twinkled up once more, as confused and audacious as a naughty child, and in the end broke into his care-free chuckle. "Sary," said he, "Sary, old girl, spry as we are, maybe we don't need a house ourselves. We're fit as two-year-olds to take to the road if we want to, but"—the twinkly eyes sobered—"these little fellers now, they need a roof an' jist sich care as we kin give 'em. A feller can't foller on his 'footpath to peace' an' not heed the call o' need, an' seems as we was sort o' called back. Them embers, Sary, the embers of our hearth, they brought us. Twa'n't they that started Turner's fire, but I'll fess up I was worrit. I didn't kiver 'em. I knowed all along I didn't, 'cause I didn't have the heart to smother out that hearth fire, Sary, an' leave dead ashes there."

The old man raised a shamed, drawn face to his wife.

"Sary," he faltered, "Sary, I don't know how to say it, nor what ye'll think, but I jist can't go on any more. I allus thought I'd die with the reins in my hands, but—I guess there's somethin' bindin' about a deed to land, Sary. It's as if the Lord had bid me take root like the trees. I've been a land-owner, old girl; I've settled down as I never done before; an' Sary,"—the expression of misery and confusion on his face tugged sharply at the woman's heart strings,— "it jist took one day to find out what I've been f'armin' all this last year. Sary, I jist can't give it all up."

Wistful and doubting, his eyes sought those of his wife and found there only misty tenderness and a humorous little twinkle that he could not define.

"Why, Al," said Sary shakily. "Why, Al, if ye want to turn back, there's nothing I'd rather do."

"Honest, Sary!" cried the old man. A jubilation began to shine in his face. "It ain't askin' too much o' ye?"

The twinkle brimmed over in Sary's eyes and vied with the quiver at her lips. "No, Al," she answered gently, "what pleases you pleases me. It always has."

Al waved Turner up to the rear of the wagon and gently transferred the sleeping children to the mattress in the wagon bed; he himself mounted eagerly. His gay spirits had returned.

"Git along, ponies," he called. "Heah,

Jowler! Heah, Big Enough!" He sat forward, eagerly peering to catch the first glimpse of his own roof tree.

The ponies again settled into their brisk trot, and as they rounded a wooded curve

suddenly the chimneys and the dusky limbed trees etched themselves against a pearly eastern sky.

"Heckadoodle," breathed Al softly. His knotty hand closed over his old wife's thin

one. "Sary," he said, "I told ye when we set out a year ago that four camp fires would lead us to Bethel, but we was turned aside to build a hearth fire instead. Four camp fires never led us to Bethel, Sary, but three

hundred and sixty-five o' them hearth fires hev led us to content, an' there I think we'll stay. Sary," he repeated in a glad, broken voice, "Sary, old girl, after all these years our 'footpath to peace' leads home."

# THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS

## I. VINCENNES, HOME OF THE CHEVALIERS

**D**OWN the old and narrow Main Street of Vincennes, Indiana, have walked the footsteps of American destiny. Though it would be hard to gather the impression from a stroll down that street today, the story of Vincennes is the story of adventure,

of heroism, of empire-building.

Down that Main Street have marched the soldiers of three nations. At its western end is a battleground of the Revolution—a battleground that secured for us the Mississippi instead of the Alleghenies as our first western boundary. Up that street have gone French barons, dashing officers of old Castile, native chieftains and émigrés still furtive with the fear of the guillotine. Over its course has gone Aaron Burr, musing on his treasonous dreams of dissolving the Union; along the same way came the young Lincoln going to his destiny to save that Union from another peril.

The Indian mounds on three sides of Vincennes are mute evidences that its story began beyond the morning of American history. The reports of the first missionaries tell of an Indian village upon its site. But not until 1730 began that history of which we shall speak.

In 1730 the Chevalier François-Marie Bissot de Vinsenne guided his canoe out upon the waters of the old St. Jerome and went to take up the duties of his first important command. Although but thirty years old, Vinsenne was an experienced soldier. Upon coming of age he had sold his Canadian estate and sought the favor of the king for a commission in the army. On his return he had followed in his father's footsteps, winning his promotions until the province of Louisiana competed for his services with old Quebec. Having gone over to the southern province, he now had his lieutenant's commission and had left a sick bed to take up the duties of his first important command.

The young chevalier little thought as he drifted past the low-hanging trees that he was a pawn in a big international game. Directly behind his journey we find a familiar combination in international affairs—a corporation and an army. France at that time was heavily in debt. Wars there had been; wars there would be—and the fiddler was stretching forth an insistent hand.

Main Street, Vincennes



To Louis his namesake Louisiana was but a frozen asset. He determined to liquidate it. To do it he resorted to the concession system. He leased out this entire empire

*NOTE: It usually happens that the events of great importance in the world's history are not at all dramatic or thrilling in themselves. The group of incidents that centered about Old Vincennes, however, was as full of drama and exciting interest as anything to be found in fiction; and it was important enough to change the course of three great nations.—The Editors.*

first to Crozat, a merchant, under contract to put it on a business basis and make it pay. After five years Crozat did not renew his contract; he had had enough. It then became absorbed in the stock promotion scheme of John Law that is known as the Mississippi Bubble. In France a prospectus was issued picturing rivers that ran with gold and even flowers that held in their cups a fluid that at certain times of the year changed overnight into diamonds. To prove it there were displayed in the Paris shop windows the diamonds side by side with the golden bars. Men of money fought for an opportunity to buy stock. But nobody found the rivers of gold or the diamond flowers.

### The Strategic Centre

With the corporation came the army, whose business it was to secure the territory for French subjects and keep out competition. This was to be accomplished in the first instance by strategy, and when that failed with gunpowder. The rivers were the railways of that time; there were no other extended avenues of communication save secret tribesmen's trails. The problem therefore was to command the rivers. When the soldiers of France looked over the rude maps of the explorers they found from north to south the great Father of Waters stretched like a string, binding together the lakes and the southern gulf. From the time of Ferdinand de Soto until the close of the Civil War it was to be the strategic centre of the fight for the ultimate control of the continent. To the French it offered a direct line from New Orleans to Quebec. At its mouth lay a local market in Mexico, rendered doubly tempting by the profits of a smugglers' trade. Coal, metal and furs lay along it in abundance, and its arms reached out over an empire. The central object of French policy, therefore, was to make the Mississippi safe for France from the Great Lakes to the ocean.

From the English colonies three danger roads led in and cut the heart of the country. They were the Illinois, the Ohio and the Wabash rivers. To shut the English out the French had planned to line these rivers with fortresses, and when that was done New France would curve like a scimitar blade round the settlements of British North America. Forts had been built along the Mississippi and the Illinois. One that remained to be built was the fort on the Wabash—a most important one. The shortest passage from New Orleans to Quebec lay over that river. Here passed the remote tribes following the buffalo herds, and they could be converted to French interests and traded with before reaching the English. From them could be formed a nucleus to set upon the English-allied Iroquois who hovered over the headwaters of the Wabash and menaced French pirogues.

These were the schemes of military commanders and boards of directors that had started young Vinsenne upon his journey down the river—a journey that to him meant nothing more perhaps than a young man's chance.

At the old Indian village of Chippecoke Vinsenne beached his canoes upon the gravel banks and began the work of clearing a space and erecting a stockade to face the river. When the first crude inclosure was built he sought to bring down about his fort the Miami tribe, who had for him the same friendship they had cherished for his father.

Two hundred and forty miles away lay the nearest white settlement at old Kaskaskia. There Vinsenne had been two years before, and he carried away pleasant recollections of a wedding party and the hospitality of the good Lorrin—that and something more. It was there he had met the daughter of Philip Longpré and gained her love. Now that he had an important post the wooing need be no longer pro-

## By Ben F. Sager

tracted. There was a gay wedding in the log chapel of the Jesuits built where the dying Marquette had prayed with fevered eyes while founding the mission of the Immaculate Conception.

From her father's house the young soldier carried his bride along the Indian trail, camping at night upon a cot of leaves. Home they came to a house of logs within the stockade, below which curled the river dotted at night through the sycamores with the pink flicker of the Indian camp fires.

Here young Vinsenne took up the business of life—the business of civilization. On one side of his clearing stood a savage village, on the other side a jungle. From this it was his duty to carve a province for France. Vinsenne had great plans for his settlement. He saw here a thriving town filled with settlers, a trade that would absorb the wares of the middle Indian country. He expected to build a stone fort and garrison it with a stout force. Here was a base where he could cover French operations on the Mississippi and the Ohio as well as on the Wabash. The land was fertile with the silt of a thousand floods. A strong post at this place, with Fort Niagara to divert the upriver commerce to French markets, would forever close the doors to the English. Who could tell? A young officer doing so much might some day sit in the seat of M. Bienville at New Orleans.

Then began for Lieutenant Vinsenne the disillusion of dreams. To attract the Indians it was necessary to have goods and money. The noble redskin was a practical fellow; he wanted to see the wampum. The English had it; the French had not. Better organization made it possible for the English to undersell the French everywhere and thus to penetrate their domains. Back home in France the Mississippi Bubble had exploded with a melancholy bang. Graft had invaded the official family, and goods destined for the Indian trade often passed in dark, deep and mysterious ways out of the provincial warehouses.

### The Heroic Vinsenne

But Vinsenne was very much in earnest. When royal funds were lacking he used the money of his own estate to handle matters as they came up. "On account of the nearness of the English," he wrote to his superior officer, "it has been impossible for me to bring together all these (Indian) nations, because there has always been a lack of merchandise in this place. In this post we lack everything." The stone fort was not built. Vinsenne improved his stockade and built a barrack for his soldiers. His "army" numbered ten men. Here lay a territory of more than two hundred and forty thousand square miles. That territory now supports a population of more than twenty-one million people; for the Great War it registered over five million men. And to hold it against the most powerful nation of the day King Louis gave Vinsenne ten soldiers! He had asked for only thirty.

While that work was going on the undercurrents were moving. The Indian nations were in a ferment. Their policy throughout was to make themselves necessary as allies to the rival white men and then to demand the full price of their favor. To do this they played off France and England against each other.

The English, finding their way barred to the north, overstepped the Alleghenies and, moving southwestward, whispered tales among the powerful Chickasaw nation on the lower Mississippi. This nation with its allies was one of the bravest, fiercest and most powerful of the savage tribes, and it lay directly across the French line of com-

The fort in early days



munication. The French had early incurred the enmity of the tribe. The English lost no time in fanning their resentment, and the Chickasaws had danced the war dance and thrown their cedar canoes across the pathway of the Father of Waters.

Vinsenne found his little settlement in great danger. In the autumn shortly after his arrival a Chickasaw war party appeared in the neighborhood and took the scalps of six Frenchmen and killed a friendly Indian and his squaw. To offset them Vinsenne brought down the Miami nation about his fort, but the Chickasaws were busily spreading discontent among the tribes on the Illinois round Kaskaskia, and Vinsenne was doubtful whether he could count upon any of the Indians about him.

At New Orleans the French governor determined to have it out with the Chickasaws. The war had dragged on intermittently for thirty years. The Chickasaws were between the upper and the nether millstone of New France, and M. Bienville now planned to administer the *coup de grâce*. He would order the French down from the north while he advanced from the south. It would be a simple matter.

One day the work of Vinsenne was interrupted by a courier from D'Artaquette, his superior officer at the Illinois. Orders had been received to call out the royal troops in this region, and Vinsenne was instructed to report with his company. Poor young Madame Vinsenne! The smell of the cut timber was yet fresh in the rooms of her new home, and there had come little Marie Therese, just able to toddle and stare with wondering eyes at the stolid savages who came and went across her father's threshold. The splintering of chips ceased, axes were cast aside. The fort bustled with the clink of trappings, the moulding of bullets, the grinding of knives, and at night were heard the war drums and yells from the Indian village. No doubt young Madame Vinsenne carried a sad heart indeed. But M. Vinsenne was exuberant. Two years before he had begged the privilege of serving when the day came. He mustered his men in the *chemin de ronde*, filed down to the bank and embarked. The canoes swung out on the river and passed the bend and were gone.

Many months passed—months of waiting and anxiety for Madame Vinsenne and the women of the fort. Then tales came trickling in from the Illinois country. Young Voisin, it was said, had come straggling back with a party ragged and bloody with wounds and with a dark message.

Vinsenne's company had joined D'Artaquette at the mouth of the Ohio. The army had swung southward through giant forests of cypress and cedar. On the 5th of March they had left their last outlying post and marched to within eighteen miles of the Chickasaw fort. There they halted and sent out scouts to find Bienville's force, but nothing could be seen of it. The scouts reported that the Indian town had thirty cabins and a small fort built on scattered buttes surrounded by thickly wooded valleys. D'Artaquette was worried at the absence of Bienville. The long march had exhausted his provisions, and to wait would



lay them open to starvation. So they determined that they must attack the Chickasaws at once and find subsistence and safety in the fort.

At nine o'clock on the evening of March 24 D'Artaguet advanced his small troop to within a mile of the fort and sent out a patrol. While they were gone gunshots were heard beyond the village, and it was assumed that Bienville had arrived. At three o'clock the patrol returned and reported that all was quiet in the fort. The march of the little army now continued to within a quarter of a mile of the fort. There D'Artaguet left his powder and munitions under guard. On the morning of the 25th, while it was still dark, D'Artaguet placed the Indians on his right and left flanks and, forming the centre with his French troops, advanced to within gunshot of the fort. The Illinois and the Miamis now gave the death cry and rushed upon the Indian huts. At the same time the others fell upon the fort. The Chickasaws defended themselves through the loopholes. The savage allies of the French raised aloft a severed head and with cries of triumph planted their standards in the centre of the village.

But, looking up at this juncture, they saw the hills swarming with Chickasaw braves coming to the help of their hard-pressed tribesmen. They had come out of cabins hidden in the forests of the valley, where the trees had screened them from the French patrol. At the dreadful sight the Indians took to their heels, and D'Artaguet, finding his flanks abandoned, ordered a retreat on the place where he had left the baggage and munitions. The Chickasaws pursued the retreating army and partly surrounded it. D'Artaguet, who had been shot in the hand, received a second ball in the leg, but he leaned against a tree and encouraged his troops. The French tried to persuade him to save himself, and Pantaleon, his negro slave, brought forward his horse. D'Artaguet refused it, and while he was still trying to rally his men another ball struck him in the body and he fell. St. Ange and Vinsenne, who were now in command, kept up the effort to reform the ranks.



DRAWINGS BY  
W. F. DODGE

One by one the French officers were shot down close to the body of D'Artaguet. They were now completely surrounded, and the woods rang with the horrible yells of the triumphant Chickasaws. The battle raged until nine o'clock in the evening. They brought a horse to Senat, the company chaplain, but he waved them away. Their fate was now sealed, and he told them he would remain to carry the last rites of his office to those who could not escape.

Twenty-five were taken, among them Vinsenne and the Jesuit, Senat. These were carried to a cabin in the centre of the village, where they were stripped and insulted with taunts and jeers. Then they were led before the oblong frame upon which they were to be roasted alive. The signal was given. It was Palm Sunday. One by one they fell upon their knees and poured forth their last confession into the ear of Father Senat, and to them he gave the last sacraments and anointed them for death. Then he knelt with them, and they prayed to God not to forget them in the dark valley.

As the flames began to hiss and crackle a hymn went up from the little group—a canticle sung in their boyhood in the chapels of France. Vinsenne joined Senat in exhorting them not to flinch, but to die worthy of France and of their faith.

The Chickasaws were awed. "Truly," they whispered, "these French are not women, but men!"

Thus died the Chevalier de Vinsenne of the Regiment de Carignan. It was for him the town was named.

# THE SPLENDID YEAR

Chapter Ten  
The game at St. John's

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

HENDERSON stepped back from the open drawer. "Just been looking them over," he said apologetically. Northrop's face darkened. "I don't think much of that," he said coldly. "You know well enough I've not wanted anybody to see my collection."

"I'm sorry you mind."

"Oh, I suppose it makes no special difference; you'd probably win the prize anyway."

Northrop seated himself and opened a book; the hint was unmistakable. Henderson slipped out of the room without speaking. No sooner had he gone than Northrop put down the book and indulged again in bitter thoughts. He and Phil Henderson had got back to the old basis of friendship, and now Phil had spied on him—the meanest kind of conduct in a friend. They couldn't ever be friends again—and it had been so pleasant when they were friends again!

He got up and closed the drawer containing his collection. He felt that he didn't want to look at it any more, that his whole interest and satisfaction in taking part in the competition had been spoiled. It had been a disastrous day throughout. After being transferred from infield to outfield he had played so wretchedly that he had been withdrawn from the practice game and had seen Joe Carey of the fourth form go out there in his place. He had not waited to see how Carey played; he wished now that he had, for then he would never have become aware of Henderson's treachery. But rather than expose his humiliation on the side line he had hastened to his room. A great day, he reflected bitterly, on which he had lost his place on the nine and his respect for a friend!

After a few moments of indecision he left his room and walked over to the library, thinking that there he might find a novel that would enable him to forget his troubles. Jim Storer, writing at the Librarian's desk, glanced up and nodded to him. In the fiction alcove, after taking out and putting back half a dozen volumes, Northrop finally settled down to read *The Three Musketeers*. The minutes passed, and he was oblivious of the discouragement and disappointment that had possessed him and finally unaware that Storer was standing before him.

"Sorry to disturb you," said Storer, and Northrop looked up with a start. "I've been making out the programme for the library dinner, and I want you to speak for the fifth form, if you will."

"I'll be glad to, if you think I'm the one to do it," Northrop answered. "But it seems to me there are others that you'd better choose; Fred Kay—or Phil Henderson; he'd make an awfully good speech."

"No better than you would. And you've done more for the library this year than any other fellow in the fifth form except Desmond; and of course we'll hear from him as First Assistant Librarian."

"Why, I haven't done much."

"Well, all the fellows that are out for the prize essay are grateful to you for fixing up that shelf of reference books. And you've been on duty always when it's been your hour to go on, and you've been obliging about taking the place of other fellows who found they had things they wanted to do and who couldn't have got off library duty if you hadn't been willing to substitute for them. You helped Desmond on his catalogue work after you'd opposed the idea of it. There's nobody that has a better right to speak for the fifth form at the dinner than you."

Northrop stood up to show his appreciation. "It's a great surprise to know that you should feel that way about me," he said. "I didn't suppose anyone felt that way."

Storer laughed and clapped him on the back. "Well, they do, and they'll feel still more so after they've heard you speak. You'll be the hit of the evening."

Northrop did not return to the reading of the book that had so

engrossed him. After Storer had gone he put it back on the shelf and stood at the window with his heart a-thrill, his nerves tingling with happiness. So long as the fellows felt towards him as Storer had said, what difference did it make if he failed to win a place on the nine? What difference did it make if he failed to win a prize? What difference did any success or failure make if the fellows of his class looked to him as their worthy representative?

With rejoicing the spirit of forgiveness entered his heart. He had been petty and mean about his collection of rocks. It had been really such an innocent temptation to which Henderson had yielded. Northrop suddenly felt that he couldn't see Henderson too soon.

He found him in his room; he dropped down beside him on the window seat, put his arm round him and said: "Phil, I'm sorry I was so nasty. I was silly about the old rocks. You can come into my room at any time and look at anything you want to—of course! And now I'll tell you what you do; you come with me and I'll show you the whole blooming collection!"

Henderson looked embarrassed. "Oh, that's all right, Jack," he said. "I don't blame you for being sore with me. And I won't take another peep at the rocks, I promise you."

"No, honestly, I'll feel hurt if you don't come with me now and let me show them to you," Northrop answered. "Come along."

He drew Henderson, who still seemed disposed to hang back, out of his seat and led him down the corridor and into his room. There he opened the drawer that contained his collection and began taking the specimens out and putting them on his desk, commenting on them as he did so.

"Obsidian—not my best specimen, though. Mica—don't you think that's a pretty good one? And here's a bit of quartz porphyry. Wait—what's this?" Puzzled, he held up one of the specimens that Henderson had contributed. "I never put in that piece of obsidian; it's a better specimen than any of mine. I had three specimens." He turned over the rocks rapidly. "Here are my three. Where in the world did this come from?"

"Don't you suppose you picked it up and forgot about it?" asked Henderson.

"No, I know every rock of mine as if it were a child. Here's another that doesn't

belong." Northrop's hand flashed into the heap and drew out a piece of feldspar. "That's finer too than my specimens."

Excitedly now he brought forth the other bits of rock that Henderson had deposited in the drawer a short time before. Then suddenly he turned and looked at his friend. "You did it!" he exclaimed.

The sheepish expression on Henderson's face offered no denial.

"You old chump," said Northrop affectionately, "why didn't you take one of these rocks and hit me over the head with it! Me calling you a spy, and you were trying to help me win the prize!"

"Oh, well," Henderson said, "I felt you ought to have it, the way you'd worked and all. I was a little afraid it might come to me, I'm such a lucky guy, and I didn't want anything like that to happen. It would get the family into the way of expecting too much of me."

"Yes, I know all about that; very good reasons, very," Northrop rumbled his friend's hair. "It's the most decent thing I ever know any crook to try to put across; but you take your old rocks, and if you don't win the prize with them I'll know anyway it's not my fault."

Henderson gathered up his specimens reluctantly. "I wish you hadn't caught on," he said.

"It's lucky I did," Northrop answered. "You wouldn't want to win a prize that way! And besides it wouldn't have been fair to Storer or the other fellows who are entered for it."

"You know," Henderson said, "I never thought of that. I just thought of you and me—as if the contest were just between us. I guess it is too, really."

"I don't know whether it is or not, but anyway you don't want to let your generosity get the better of you. I must have been acting like an awful fool," Northrop added, "if my friends felt I had to be coddled and helped into winning a prize that I didn't really deserve."

"I didn't feel that," Henderson protested. "I just wanted to make sure you'd win a prize that I thought you did deserve."

Northrop laughed and put his arms across his friend's shoulders. "It does me just as much good to know you felt that way," he answered.

They were walking down to the study

He leaped, both hands upstretched



DRAWN BY T. VICTOR HALL

building for their afternoon classes when Sydney Desmond overtook them. "Oh, Jack," he called, and then as Northrop turned he said at once, "I thought you might like to know—I'm sure you'll hold your place on the nine. Young Carey isn't up to it; his playing was rotten."

"I'm just mean enough to be glad of that," Northrop answered. Then he turned to Henderson. "There it is again, Phil; my friends all coddling me."

"What's that?" Sydney asked.

"Oh, nothing. There just seems to be a general conspiracy to make me feel good this afternoon. And when that happens to a fellow it usually means that he's been behaving like a pretty poor thing."

"Don't know what you're talking about," Sydney replied gruffly.

The bell rang and spared Northrop the need of explanation.

Perhaps it was the new happiness in his heart that enabled him at the library dinner to make a speech that fully justified Storer's judgment in selecting him as a speaker—a speech so humorous and witty that the fellows laughed with increasing enjoyment, applauded him enthusiastically after he had finished and crowded round to congratulate him when the festivities of the evening came to an end. Certainly the new buoyancy and confidence that he had acquired helped him on the baseball field; he learned to cover more ground, played with dash and decision, took chances and made catches that would have seemed impossible for him a few days before. The Pythians won the series from the Corinthians easily; in making up the school nine to play St. John's six Pythians were chosen, and among them was Northrop.

"And to think," cried Sydney, "that not so long ago you thought you wouldn't even make the Pythian nine!"

"And to think," mocked Northrop, "that not so long ago you thought you'd never play baseball or anything else again!"

"Yes," said Kay. "To see him beating it round the bases for a home run and then remember how he used to be marked 'Handle with care; hopeless invalid!'"

"He's likely to make an invalid of some St. John's fellow when he slides to base," said Henderson. "Tom Pierce told me he was scared to death, playing second for the Corinthians, the way Sydney used to come jamming down to him."

"I never hurt anybody yet," declared Sydney in an aggrieved tone. "Tom persisted in standing right in the line, and I couldn't help upsetting him."

"Sure," said Kay, "and if St. John's tries the same game, upset them too."

The game was played that year at St. John's School, and in all the athletic records of the two schools no more exciting game had ever been played. At the end of nine innings the score stood 5 to 5. In the tenth inning neither team scored. In the eleventh, Harris for St. Timothy's made a two-base hit, the next two batters went out on easy flies to the infield, and then Kay brought Harris home with a hit over second base. St. Timothy's had a convulsion of rapture on the side line; they were sure that now the game was won. Winslow, the next batter, struck out, and St. John's came in with grim faces. They tied the score in their half of the inning on a hit, and error by the St. Timothy's second baseman and two long sacrifice flies.

St. Timothy's failed to get a man to first base in the twelfth inning. For St. John's the first man up was given his base on balls, and all St. Timothy's shuddered. Was Harris weakening? Anyway with a man on first and no one out things were serious enough. The next batter sacrificed, and the St. John's runner was safe at second. The St. John's captain and their first baseman, the two most formidable batters on the nine, were the next men up; Harris, facing the captain, fingered the ball nervously. The captain was perhaps over eager to win his game, for he swung with all his might at the first ball, a high one, and sent a foul spinning high in air over the first base line. Sydney Desmond got under it, caught the glare of the sun in his eyes, reeled round for a moment and finally, with a desperate effort, clamped the ball into his mitt just when it seemed as if he had fatally misjudged it. St. Timothy's, relieved of momentary agony, had another convulsion, and the St. John's captain walked away from the plate, muttering harsh words to himself.

But the St. John's first baseman was a less temperamental batter than the captain. He was a cool, phlegmatic hitter, who was not easily tempted into striking at a bad ball. Obviously the thing to do with him in this crisis was to pass him, and that Harris

did—much to the dissatisfaction of the first baseman.

Next up was the shortstop, who had not made a hit throughout the game. Possibly this fact caused Harris to be careless; anyway the second ball he pitched was one that the batter hit square and clean, and away it sailed towards left centre field, a long, low fly. Three St. John's runners were speeding round the bases while Northrop out in centre field was speeding to get under the ball. He had caught the line of its flight and instantly had turned to race with it, facing away from the plate; never had he run with such desperate necessity urging his feet. He looked back over his shoulder, he leaped, both hands upstretched, and then he went rolling over and over on the ground, blissfully squeezing that solid round substance in his hands. He sprang to his feet, holding the ball aloft, and begun to run in with it; and St. Timothy's, which had waited a moment in unbelieving silence, burst out in a jubilation of shouting, of waving flags, of leaping and dancing and laughing and slapping one another on backs and throwing caps in air such as no other incident that day had inspired. Even St. John's applauded manfully while Northrop ran in and tried to efface himself among his teammates who would not let him be effaced.

"After that we can't lose!" asserted Harris, hammering his bat on the ground. "You're up, Pinckney. Go to it."

Pinckney went to it too hard and struck out. But Davis, the next man, reached first base by beating out a slow grounder to shortstop, and it was now Northrop's turn. "Let's let him hit it," said Harris to the

coach, Mr. Randolph. "Let him win the game."

Mr. Randolph smiled and shook his head. "He's won it—if it's won," he said. "Sacrifice, Northrop."

So Northrop, in spite of the cheering and clapping that greeted him when he walked to the plate, in spite of the cries, "You're the boy to hit it!" obediently bunted the ball along the first base line and advanced Davis to second while being thrown out himself. "Now then, Syd, it's up to you," Harris called as Sydney, swinging his bat, stepped to the plate.

Sydney waited; two balls were called, then a strike. Then came an outcurve that he caught on the tip end of his bat; the ball went whizzing down the first base line, just inside the bag, and Davis came home.

That evening when Jerry Maxwell was standing on one of the gateposts in front of the study and leading cheers for the members of the St. Timothy's team Jack Northrop was not looking down from a window in the library. Part of the time—a good part of the time—he was mounted on the other gatepost. The fellows seemed to want to keep him there indefinitely; in fact he began to wonder if they would ever let him get down.

On prize night all the boys in the school assembled in the great hall of the study building to hear the awards. The decision as to the best collection of minerals made by any boy during the year was not regarded by many fellows as an event of great consequence—certainly not in comparison with such matters as the award of the medal for the best all-round athlete or the prize for

the boy who had shown himself the best representative of the St. Timothy's spirit. Nevertheless there was generous applause when the award of the geological prize to Philip Henderson was announced and Henderson walked empty-handed to the platform and returned from it bearing a handsomely bound volume. "Audubon's Birds of America!" he muttered, ignoring Sydney's and Northrop's congratulations. "Of all the punk! I see where I put in the summer reading about birds!"

After the exercises had closed and the boys had been dismissed from the study hall for the last time that year Sydney and Northrop and Kay and Henderson sat for a time on the steps of the Upper School. From the pond near by the frogs raised their melodious and curiously melancholy chant; the breeze rustled among the pines. The mild light from the crescent moon riding in a clear sky spread over the leaves, whitened the roofs and silvered the chapel tower. The boys sat silent for a while, listening, looking, dreaming.

"Well," said Kay at last, "it's been a great year."

"It certainly has," agreed Northrop.

"I thought it would be a rotten one," said Sydney. "It's been a splendid year."

"All well enough for you fellows," grumbled Henderson. "But it's started something for me that I'll be made to live up to all my life."

Kay laughed, but Sydney said, "Yes, it's been a great year, a splendid year, because it's done that for all of us."

THE END

## ON CUTBANK CREEK *By*

Franklin Wells  
Calkins



WHILE John Trainer was attending a stock meeting at Cheyenne, Hoey, his range rider, was crippled by an attack of rheumatism. That left ranch affairs in the hands of Joe and Herrick, his boys of seventeen and eighteen years, who were at home from school for their summer vacation. The Trainer horse ranch occupied a large irrigated tract on Cutbank Creek among the foothills of the Medicine Bow Mountains. There the short, nutritious hill grass, the hay of irrigated flats and the good water were well adapted to raising herds of tough half-breed horses, which were much in demand among the spreading settlements of Kansas and Nebraska.

Joe and Herrick were good horsemen and not at all averse to "riding out the range." The ponies the boys rode were of the pinto variety, pure-bred cow ponies, spotted, tough, wiry and trained in the work of line riding. They were also well "gentled."

On their second morning out after Hoey was disabled the air was a bit hazy, and there was a faint odor of smoke. The two rode direct to Little Butte, an elevation two miles down Cutbank Creek, which overlooked wide reaches of foothill country. Had they discovered a fire they would have needed for a weary time perhaps to ride the inner circuit of their burned "fire guard," to watch for and smother sparks that might drift

across upon their hay lands and grass lands. They could see no fire or any drifting smoke, but as they sat upon the heights a bunch of stampeded horses rounded the point of a lower slope. The animals, a dozen or more, galloped wildly out upon the Cutbank flats, then wheeled about with heads and tails tossed high to face a large creature that came trailing after them.

At first glance the boys saw that it was a bear that had startled the herd. The beast was ambling along in a jerky, desultory fashion, dragging something at its heels.

"It's a bear, and it's killed a colt and is dragging it," declared Joe. "We must ride down and try to shoot it."

Even as he spoke the beast wheeled suddenly and pounced upon the object at its heels, battling with fierce energy at the apparently lifeless body. Then as suddenly it ceased its attack, doubled its heels and head together and whirled round and round, evidently chewing at one of its own hind legs. The dragging weight was beyond question attached; it bobbed about as the bear spun upon its heels.

"It's got into one of Hoey's lion traps!" cried Herrick. "That's an old stump clog it's dragging."

Joe had a carbine, and the two instantly set out at as fast a pace as their ponies could take down the steep pitches of the butte.

At some open haystacks on the flats two miles above two colts had been killed within a week. Hoey believed the marauders had been mountain lions, and he had set and baited steel bear traps at various thickets along the cutbank. The range rider had described the position of the traps and had asked the boys to look at them daily. Should

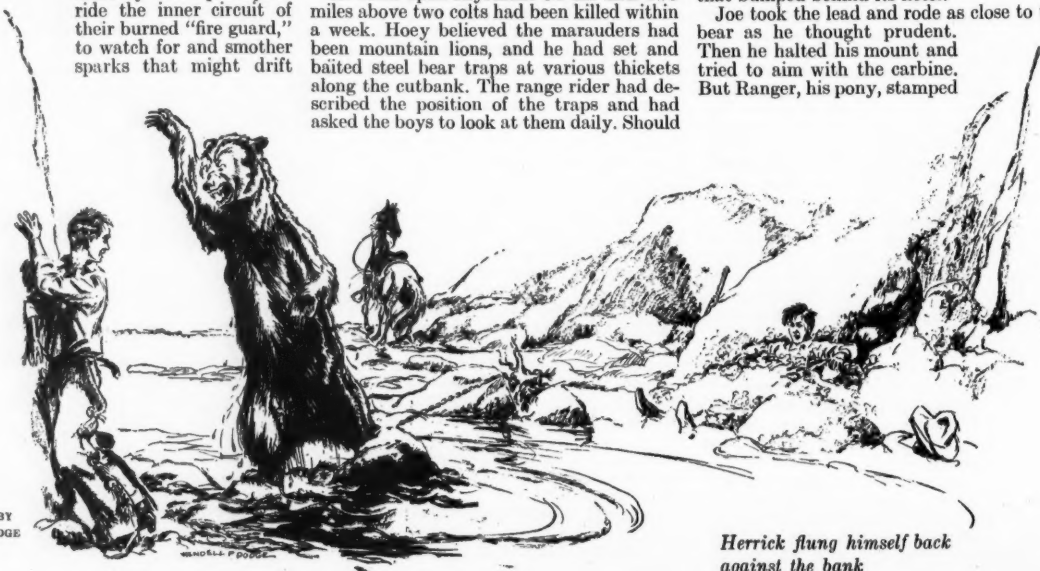
a mountain lion be caught, he told them they could safely ride up to within five or six rods and shoot it; but he warned them to be very careful if they should need to follow its trail on foot.

Hoey had said nothing about bears, but this one was impeding, and the boys felt little fear. Joe was a very good shot.

The beast, fighting at clog and trap, had gone only a little way when they came down to it. It was a cinnamon bear of the brown variety of Colorado and fairly big. The horses, having found that the bear was not in pursuit of them, had galloped away to a distance and resumed grazing.

Joe and Herrick were not a little startled at the size of the mottled gray-brown creature that reared upon its haunches as they approached it. The animal waited, however, for only one stare at them, then lunged hurriedly away, running toward the creek. It bounced along at a shuffling, jerky gallop, much impeded by the cottonwood stump that bumped behind its heels.

Joe took the lead and rode as close to the bear as he thought prudent. Then he halted his mount and tried to aim with the carbine. But Ranger, his pony, stamped



DRAWN BY  
W. F. DODGE

Herrick flung himself back  
against the bank



and snorted, and Joe could not aim from the saddle.

Meanwhile the bear forged ahead, and, hoping to get a broadside shot, Joe took up the chase again, riding to one side. Before the boy could aim, however, the bear lunged over the ditchlike bank of Cutbank Creek and ran as straight as possible down the channel of the shallow and crooked stream. Running thus between high caved banks, the beast was a poor target.

Coming upon a steep horse ford, Joe shouted at his brother to ride swiftly on and by getting in front of the bear to turn it back. Joe then crossed the narrow ford and rode on in watchful pursuit.

The move was good generalship, but it was not necessary, for some boulders bedded in the shallow current caught the trap clog and brought the beast to a stand. Joe was the first to discover the halted animal, which was fighting and clawing at bank and boulders. A turn of the steep, high bank seemed to offer the best position for a shot.

Joe rode quickly round a short curve and came up to the bank at the point that he had marked, but he had difficulty in pressing his mount close enough to the brink to get a good view of the bear. He had ordered him not to dismount within twenty yards of a trapped lion; he did not know how long the bear would be held fast.

Excited and believing that his pony would get over its fright, once it could again fairly see the growling cinnamon,—and also forgetting the treacherous, caving bank,—Joe swung his quirt and gave his animal a smart stroke upon the flank. The pinto leaped ahead and then whirled upon its heels for a jump aside. Joe felt the bank give way beneath the pony's feet and realized with sudden consternation that they were tumbling headlong into the channel.

The boy was thrown clean from his saddle and alighted among boulders, half stunned and with his legs buried in the earth of the bank slide. The splash of water in his face brought him to consciousness. With a be-numbing pain in his side and back he roused to find himself drenched in a shower of spray; the bear and the pony were fighting hoof and claw almost within arm's reach.

His back was sadly hurt; he could not move farther from the fighting beasts. His pony, Ranger, seemed to be the aggressor,

and Joe knew now that it was the unstable bank that had caused his mount to shy. The cinnamon had backed away to the limit of its trap chain; and while the beast clawed and roared the fierce pony used its heels, hammering the enemy frequently on chest and forearms.

In spite of his pain and his crippled state Joe watched the fight for a few moments with breathless interest. Though Ranger stood almost knee deep in the running water, he was giving the bear a good mauling. Showers of spray fell like rain upon the boy. Then he heard a shout upon the opposite bank, a shrill call that rose above the grunting, thumping clamor, and saw his brother, white of face, scrambling down the opposite bank to come to his aid.

In that unfortunate instant the fighting pony, shifting round in order better to get at the enemy, hit one heel against a boulder, wheeled short about and plunged, limping, away from the bear toward the horse ford. The cinnamon, bitterly punished and maddened clear through, saw Herrick wading into the creek and, not fearing the lesser creature, bounced forward to meet him.

Herrick flung himself back against the bank that he had descended and barely escaped beyond the bear's reach. Joe now suddenly realized that he himself lay helpless within the easy circle of the bear's tether. He was buried nearly to the waist in sand and earth, and his feet were thrust out into the current. Instantly he threw himself upon his back under an oblong projecting boulder, buried his face in his arms and lay, scarcely daring to breathe.

The cinnamon tried fiercely to get at Herrick, who, seeing Joe's helpless state, sturdily hugged the creek bank within tempting reach of the bear's claws. While the beast wrestled and dragged at its chain to get at him he called softly to Joe:

"Joe, oh, Joe, the gun lies right against that rock muzzle up on the other side. Can't you get it and shoot?"

But Joe, knowing that he could neither turn his body over nor reach the carbine, dared not speak; he lay as one dead. The cinnamon faced Herrick, clawing and roaring at him for fully a minute; then to the boy's intense alarm the beast swung round and out of the current upon the opposite broken mass of earth and boulders.

While Herrick held his breath the big cinnamon stooped over Joe and sniffed at his canvas jacket. Then it climbed over the boulder against and partly under which he lay, knocked the gun aside, sniffed at it and then hunched itself upon a bench of dry earth and began gnawing at the jaws of the huge double-spring trap that clenched one hind foot.

Herrick drew a deep breath of relief. Joe had kept his nerve; apparently he had not moved a muscle while the bear was nosing him over! The bear evidently had thought he was dead. Herrick called again to Joe. "Don't stir, old man," he said. "I'll get that fellow away from you and keep him away in just a minute."

Then he scrambled up the bank and ran for his pony. In less than a minute he had crossed the ford and ridden round to the bank above the bear's head. Keeping his horse out of sight of the cinnamon, he ran a noose in his picket rope, coiled the free section and stepped cautiously upon the shelving bank.

The bear, still engaged in gnawing at the springs of the trap, reared at sight of him and with fierce threats clawed at the bank under his feet. At less than three yards above the creature's head Herrick could hardly have missed the light toss that dropped his noose over its neck and one forearm.

He jerked his rope taut and sprang to his horse, at whose saddle pommel the other end of the lariat was fast. He leaped to his seat and shouted at his horse to go. The pony, well knowing that some creature was fast at its saddle, gave two or three forward leaps and brought up with a jerk that nearly pitched the rider over its head.

Smothered growls and sounds of tearing at the bank told of the cinnamon's fight to get loose from this new entanglement. Herrick had hoped to drag the beast upon the bank, trusting to his trained cow horse to hold the captive while he himself should run to Joe's help.

His horse scrambled valiantly, digging its hoofs into the earth at his urging, but the cinnamon bear behind the bank was immovable.

Herrick dismounted, hoping that his pony would stand fast while he ran to Joe's aid. But the cow pony, frightened at the near threats of a beast that it could not see, swung

quickly round downstream and almost pulled the cinnamon on top of Joe.

Herrick caught his pony by its bit and held him, frantically calling to Joe. "The bear's fast!" he shouted. "Get away—get away!"

Then in a fresh panic he saw the cinnamon's nose and one forepaw thrust up at the top of the bank and realized that the animal's struggle would carry it along the caved-in curve of bank directly over Joe's head. With fierce energy he fought with his horse to drag the bear back.

Meanwhile Joe had heard his brother's commands to his mount and also the struggle of the cinnamon against the bank; he knew what had happened. He raised his head and saw the bear almost directly above him. Putting his hands behind his back, he lifted himself to a sitting posture. The current had washed away much of the earth in which his feet were bedded. He tried to stand, but his injured back prevented him. Hearing fiercer growls than ever and almost in his ear, he looked up again to see the struggling bear hugged against the bank and glaring down at him. Joe made a supreme effort with hands and arms and drew his pain-wracked body partly upon the boulder.

One hand was within reach of the carbine; the other hand was fairly within touch of the cinnamon's trapped leg. With a final effort he lifted the carbine, drew the hammer back, swung the barrel upward and held it waveringly for a moment with the muzzle only a few feet from the bear's head. Then he pulled the trigger and dropped, spent and helpless, upon his face.

At the shot Herrick shouted again and, getting no answer, left his horse's head and sprang to the edge of the bank. He saw the suspended cinnamon sliding downward and kicking its last. A moment's work with his pony shifted the bear's body away from Joe; then Herrick quickly cut the picket rope and let the creature drop.

He had difficulty in getting his animal down to the bed of the stream and past the dead body of the bear, but he managed it at last and got Joe into the saddle and out of the ditch and finally home.

Joe's hurt proved indeed severe. Two ribs had been broken within an inch or two of the backbone; but in a few weeks he had wholly recovered.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

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President von Hindenburg of the German Republic reviews men of his old regiment, the Third Prussian Guards, in front of the Reichstag building

IT is just a hundred years since the first successful steam railway was built, in England. It was on September 27, 1825, that Stephenson drove his engine over the railway between Stockton and Darlington, drawing thirty-four carriages at a rate of from ten to fifteen miles an hour, a signalman on horseback in advance. The Rocket, which was one of the first engines Stephenson built, weighed about seven and a half tons with its tender. It could draw a load of perhaps a hundred tons at moderate speed. Contrast with that, the latest achievement of the locomotive builders, the great electric engines of the Virginian Railway. These are 152 feet long, built in three sections to enable them to take curves easily. They weigh more than 637 tons and can apply 7125 horse power. One of these monsters can draw a loaded freight train nearly two miles long, which means a weight of more than eight thousand tons!

WHATEVER history may have to say about the statesmanship of Mussolini and of D'Annunzio, the two famous Italians are remarkable actors. They never lose sight of the dramatic effect they wish to produce; and no small part of their popularity with the Italian people is the skill with which they have dramatized their careers. For a time, following D'Annunzio's adventure at Fiume, the two men were more or less at odds. Mussolini did not like the way the soldier-poet carried on at Fiume, either because it made extra difficulties for him—Mussolini—in the conduct of Italy's foreign affairs, or else because he thought D'Annunzio was attracting more than his share of the public attention. However that was, the two brilliant Nationalists have become reconciled—dramatically, you may be sure. Mussolini left Rome with the utmost secrecy. No one knew where he had gone; the capital was agog with wonder and surmise. Then suddenly came the news of his unexpected appearance at D'Annunzio's villa at Gardone, of the two men falling into each

other's arms, while the poet exclaimed "A new era begins!" And the Premier replied: "Even this hour has at length come to pass!" There were fireworks in the evening. Before Mussolini left Gardone thousands of visitors and Fascist volunteers had poured into the little town, everyone eager to see the reunited idols of Italy. Few spectacles have been better staged.

THE government has won a victory in its suit to cancel the oil contracts that Mr. Fall, the former Secretary of the Interior, made with the Doheny companies in California. Judge McCormick decides that the leases constituted nothing less than "a fraud upon the United States of America." But the case is not yet finally determined. The attorneys for Mr. Doheny have the

right of appeal to the United States Circuit Court, and, if they lose there, they declare that they will try to get the case carried up to the Supreme Court. The grand jury in Washington has also brought in criminal indictments against Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny and also against Mr. Sinclair, to whom Mr. Fall leased the naval oil lands on the Teapot Dome reservation in Wyoming. A suit to cancel those leases also has been heard at Cheyenne, but at the moment of writing the judge who presided has not handed down his decision.

THE meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio, gave fresh evidence of the serious character of the theological differences that divide the members of this great communion and seemed

to prove that the two parties—the Fundamentalists and the Modernists, as they are commonly called—are pretty evenly matched. The conduct of the New York Presbytery in supporting churches that chose to listen to preaching that the Fundamentalists consider unorthodox, and in licensing young men to preach, although their theology was not in accord with the strict Presbyterian doctrine, was the issue upon which the debate was joined. The most striking result of the meeting was the decision of the Permanent Judicial Commission of the church that the General Assembly had the right to control the acts of all the local presbyteries, and that these presbyteries must insist upon a real belief in the virgin birth of Christ as a necessary qualification for candidates for the ministry.

DURING the last fiscal year there were 706,896 immigrants legally admitted to the United States. How many are "smuggled" across the line from Havana, Montreal, Toronto and northern Mexico is of course a matter of speculation. The Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, thinks the number would not be far from 300,000. Of course he has better opportunities than most people to get at the facts in the case; but most estimates are not quite so large as his. It is pretty safe to say, however, that the number is not below 150,000. The frontiers of the United States are not easily guarded against this sort of traffic. Much of the sea coast and much of the border on both the Mexican and the Canadian side is of a character that cannot be continually watched unless by an impossibly large force of inspectors. In fact the probability is that in spite of the efforts of the government the smuggling of aliens will increase rather than diminish in the future. So large a part of our available forces is now being employed in fighting the men who are trying to flood the country with liquor that the "bootlegger" of aliens does not get the attention he needs.



# FACT AND COMMENT

**I**F YOU DO LESS WORK than you feel yourself capable of doing, you cannot help losing some of your self-respect.

Beware of being Clever  
And Nothing Else Whatever.

A MAN WITHOUT CHARACTER is a workman without tools, a soldier without arms, a traveler without money.

WE ARE REMINDED that flies can be caught with a vacuum cleaner. But flies are seldom accommodating enough to come down on the floor to be caught; and pursuing a fly across the ceiling with a vacuum cleaner held upside down at arm's length is not our idea either of lively sport or of efficient housekeeping.

THE AMERICAN IDEA, expressed in the now rejected Geneva protocol, that in the case of war the nation that had refused arbitration should be considered the aggressor, is not a new one. Old Thucydides, the historian of the Peloponnesian War, took the same view of things twenty-three centuries ago. "It is perfectly clear," he wrote, "that the Corinthians were in the wrong, because when they were challenged to submit the dispute . . . to arbitration they preferred to prosecute their claims by war rather than by equity."

ROTOGRAVURE, the process of photographic reproduction that most illustrated newspapers now use, was invented by a Viennese named Karl Klietsch, who, like many inventors, has got precious little either in fame or in money from his invention. An American who visited Klietsch in his retirement says that the old man—who is now eighty-four—has more than one clever mechanical invention worked out to the last detail; but, soured by his unhappy experiences with rotogravure, he declares that he will take them with him to the grave.

OUR RECENT EDITORIAL on the early days of the automobile has attracted the attention of many readers, some of whom think we gave too much credit to Mr. Haynes for his share in the development of the American motor car. We are told of a steam carriage that traveled the roads as long ago as 1869, the invention of a Mr. Hutchinson. It was not mechanically successful enough to make its way, however, with the public; until the gasoline engine appeared, the necessity of stoking the fire continually made such inventions unpopular. Mr. Charles E. Duryea has a strong claim to be regarded as the earliest maker of a practicable automobile. It was a picture of his first "horseless carriage" that we printed on our editorial page on May 21. That carriage, we are told, was built as early as 1892. Mr. Duryea is still living in Philadelphia.

## PAYING DEBTS WITH RUBBER

**T**HE Department of Commerce has just made public some interesting facts that throw light on the way in which the British government is meeting the payments of interest and principal on the debt it owes to the United States. We have often explained that the debts which one nation owes to another can rarely be paid by an actual exchange of gold coin, especially when they are as large as the sum that Great Britain owes to this country. And of course the paper currency of the debtor is of no value for such a purpose in most cases. The only practicable way of discharging the debt is through credits that have been established by the sale of goods by citizens of the debtor nation to citizens of the creditor. It is the difficulty of establishing such credits that will make it so hard for France and Italy to pay what they owe us; more than once we have heard complaints from England that our protective system makes it very difficult for Great Britain even to find the means of transferring across the Atlantic the sums it has agreed to pay.

But the Department of Commerce has discovered that those payments can be made and are being made through the sale of rubber to the United States. Since certain clever Englishmen and Dutchmen found out that they could transplant rubber trees from their natural home in Brazil to the East Indian colonies of Holland and Great Britain, great rubber plantations have

BY COURTESY OF THE U. S. RUBBER CO.



A native workman tapping the rubber trees on a great plantation in Sumatra

sprung up in that part of the world and, through careful management, have grown so prosperous that they now supply almost all the rubber that is used, to the exclusion of the original forests along the Amazon. For a time the production was so large that the price of rubber fell to hardly more than eleven cents a pound. But the British Colonial Office has put into effect a policy of controlling both marketing and new planting that has sent the price of rubber steadily upward. It is now above sixty cents a pound and from present appearances seems quite as likely to rise as to fall.

The United States, owing largely to the extraordinary growth of the automobile industry, uses almost seventy per cent of all the rubber grown. It imported \$185,000,000 worth of rubber in 1924, but owing to the rising prices it will probably have to pay \$400,000,000 for what it buys this year. Most of that great sum will be owed to British producers, and the credits that the trade will establish in New York will be ample for the purposes of the British government. Indeed, if we continue to be dependent on Great Britain for rubber and the price remains high, Great Britain can in time discharge its entire debt out of the profits our people are paying to the British rubber planters.

Secretary Hoover suggests that it is desirable for us to stimulate the competitive growing of rubber in the tropics; probably he has the Philippine Islands in mind. Rubber could no doubt be grown in the southern Philippines, and American capital might easily enough be persuaded to undertake the business, if it were not for the uncertainty regarding the political future of the islands. We are under engagement to withdraw from the Philippines some time or other; and, although that time may be a long way in the future, it may come sooner than we expect. And when it does come there will not be that guaranty of a stable and efficient government which people who are risking their capital like to depend upon. For the present we shall probably keep on helping Great Britain to pay its debts by buying rubber at a round price from its citizens.

## THE PRACTICAL JOKER

**A**MONG primitive people humor manifests itself only in the form of practical jokes. To see a person's normal dignity or equilibrium suddenly upset, to have the spectacle of one who a moment before had been at ease suddenly thrown into a ridiculous position and covered with confusion, is always mirth-provoking to the uneducated mind. There are few boys whose parents have not had to restrain their propensity to practical jokes. As they grow older and become receptive to the influences of a civilized community, they lose their taste for such forms of amusement.

Whatever opinion one may entertain of the new methods of education that so many schools have adopted, it must be admitted that where they are in use the practical joker, who was so often the persecutor of a certain number of his schoolmates, has virtually disappeared from school life. Indeed, in all schools he makes his presence known much less frequently than formerly. A recognition of the fact that there was as much cruelty as humor in his jests is responsible for his disappearance. Teaching has become more "humanitarian" than it used to be. The rights of the weak are more carefully guarded, and the animal spirits of the strong are more judiciously guided into harmless outlets. The old-fashioned teacher punished severely any action derogatory to his own dignity, but allowed his pupils to treat one another pretty much as they pleased. In the new order of education the teacher makes the relations of the pupils to one another one of his most important concerns. As a result the school practical joker, like the school bully, is rapidly becoming extinct.

## A LANDMARK IN HISTORY

**J**UST a month ago the Japanese people celebrated with enthusiasm the twentieth anniversary of one of the great events of their history, which was also a veritable turning point in the history of the world—the battle of Tsushima. Many of The Companion's readers must be familiar with Sir Edward Creasy's valuable book, *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*. Whether, if he were living, he would count Tsushima as the sixteenth, we do not know; but it has better claims to that distinction than Gettysburg or Sedan or the Second Marne, which were the critical battles of the three greatest wars of the last hundred years. From every point of view Tsushima is worth study.

To begin with, it was the battle that won the Russo-Japanese war. For all the skill of its commanders and the bravery of its troops, the Japanese army, after winning two or three brilliant victories over the Russians, was in a dangerous position in May, 1905. All its supplies, ammunition and reinforcements had to come by water from Japan. If the Russian fleet had been victorious at Tsushima, the sea would have been closed to the Japanese. Their army would have been cut off irreparably from its base and must have submitted to eventual defeat. That Japan is a great power today instead of a second-rate or third-rate one, that it can dispute the naval supremacy of the Pacific with any other nation, instead of being as negligible as China on the sea, is owing to Admiral Togo's smashing victory over Rojdestvensky.

Moreover, Tsushima broke the Russian power for years, foiled all the Czar's well-

laid plans for a political and economic conquest of Manchuria and perhaps of China, stirred up afresh revolutionary movements in Moscow and St. Petersburg and turned the current of Russian interests backward toward the Balkans instead of outward into Asia and the Orient. At one blow it made Germany without a serious military rival in Europe and convinced the Kaiser that he could push his intrigues in the direction of Turkey without any fear of interference by beaten and discouraged Russia. At the same time it relieved Great Britain of its fear that Russia would be strong enough to seize control of Persia and threaten India, and so made the alliance of France, Russia and Great Britain possible. Before Tsushima one would have said that Russia and Great Britain were the most likely antagonists in the next war. After Tsushima came the rise of Pan-Germanism, the hegemony of the Teutons in Europe, the answering triple entente that united London, Paris and St. Petersburg. The battle lines of the Great War were already drawn.

Precisely what course history would have taken if the Russians had won at Tsushima no one can tell, although it is a fascinating subject for historical speculation. But we can be sure that it would have been a very different course from that which it did actually take, and that the position of the United States in the world would have been quite otherwise than it is today. For one thing, no eminent Japanese would have said what a former Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs is reported to have said to the reporters—that the present immigration act of the United States must not be regarded as permanent law, since the right of immigration into California is a life-and-death matter with Japan.

## TO TIP OR NOT TO TIP

**S**TRANGE yet comforting news comes from New York. The union of restaurant employees, which calls itself by a not wholly happy name, the Amalgamated Food Workers, has declared that the tip must go, and that, if it doesn't go at once, fifteen thousand men will throw down their trays or their soup ladles or their rolling pins, or whatever it is they work food with, and go on strike.

No subject has been of greater service to editorial writers or to those who delight to send "communications" to the newspapers than the evil of tipping. That the practice is a kind of blackmail, that it embarrasses the diner and saps the self-respect of the waiter who receives the tip, has been asserted and proved again and again in the public press. Hitherto we have not observed that much progress was being made. Here and there a few restaurants have put up "no tipping" signs, and a certain proportion of them have actually meant what they said and have paid their waiters enough to satisfy them. But in most eating-places the old system prevails. The waiters get little and sometimes nothing by way of wages; accordingly they eye you coldly and serve you badly if you don't tip. The most eloquent protestants against the practice lose their courage when face to face with the embattled bearers of the tray and shamefacedly hide a dime or a quarter beneath the napkin when they leave the table. The tip has even gained ground in the face of all argument against it; barbers and manicurists and hat-girls and bell-boys and all the who's who of the hotel and restaurant world expect it—and usually get it. We have often wondered whether the sense of "self-respect" in most people is strong enough to lead them, when they engage in such occupations as these, to prefer better wages and no tips, or whether they find the crossing of the palm more profitable and therefore more desirable than a decently filled pay envelope.

The news from New York is distinctly encouraging on that point. More power to the Amalgamated Food Workers, in spite of their name. They have a venerable and firmly entrenched system to overthrow; and if they win their battle for reasonable wages and no tips, it will be only the first skirmish in a long campaign. Hotel keepers and restaurant keepers can help if they will, though they are usually cynical about the real desire of the public to be protected against the tip. They know that there are a



good many persons who, from ostentation or from a wish to get a little better or quicker service than anybody else, really want to tip. It is those persons, rather than the employers or the waiters, who will form the last battalion to rally to the defense of a pernicious practice.

### THE PRESS AND THE PULPIT

UP to a hundred years ago the pulpit was the press. Men gathered at church on Sundays not only to pray but to learn some new thing, to hear what had happened in the world and tell it, and to get comment on it from the minister, who represented history and science and political economy as well as God. But with the ripening of the nineteenth century there came a great new social force, journalism. And this force at once robbed the pulpit of half its significance. It assumed the task of keeping the people informed and of commenting authoritatively on events.

This immense social power has come to stay and to develop more and more in the means it uses and the ends it accomplishes. As a source of simple information, of news,—think of the force and meaning of the word,—its importance is great. As an intellectual and moral and spiritual influence, its importance is far greater. To an extent we do not often realize the mode of thought, the action, the whole life of the average man are determined by his newspaper and not by his minister any more. As Longfellow said, when the remark was far less just than today, "This country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden."

The phases of this journalistic influence are too many to be compassed in a brief editorial. But two of the most important may be emphasized. First, its impersonality. The minister had a tremendous personal responsibility for everything he taught. The word of God walked the streets in him daily and became a human thing. Let us believe that most newspaper editors would like to help righteousness, so far as it can be done without hurting advertising. But the editor is a creature of cloud and shadow. Nothing that he teaches ever comes home to him. He is not even the soul of his paper, which has no soul, but is a vast, self-nourished machine, moving by its own laws to its own ends, like some miracle of nature.

Another, greater danger of the newspaper, as compared with the pulpit, is that it does not put God into our lives. Some of us believe that of all the manifold needs that beset our great American democracy—so joyously and buoyantly ignorant of them—the greatest and one of the least realized is the need of God. In our education, which moulds the lives of our boys and girls, we exclude God, with jealous care. In our newspapers, which mould the lives of our men and women, God, as the pulpit knew him, is equally excluded, by tacit consent. This is a condition of things which deserves more thought than we give it.

### The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

#### Next Week

LADY CARRUTHERS, by Katherine M. Harbaugh  
Chapter One

INTERRUPTING THE PRESIDENT,  
by Louis Felix Ranlett

THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS,  
by Ben F. Sager

II. Vincennes, Goal of the  
Long Knives

NEAR BLUEBEARD AND DISTANT  
BELINDA, by W. Edson Smith

OLD COMET'S STAMPEDE, by  
Roe L. Hendrick

## Chrysler Six Sweeps on to Higher Sales Records

The wonderful success of the Chrysler Six can be traced to the fact that the public is essentially sound in its judgment of motor cars.

Mounting sales figures show that the Chrysler Six—already a record-breaker in popularity—is soaring higher than ever before.

The latest weekly report registers an increase of 116% in retail sales over the corresponding week of 1924; and the sales for that week were 65% bigger than the very biggest week of 1924.

Furthermore, the last three weeks reported are the biggest weeks of 1925.

There never has been anything like it as a demonstration of public approval.

The public knows exactly what it is about. The public knows that no matter what the make or price, only the Chrysler Six gives them Chrysler brilliance of performance, Chrysler roadability and ease, Chrysler quality, economy and the score of other advantages that belong to this car alone.

For Mr. Chrysler, familiar with the transportation needs of

America, designed the Chrysler Six to meet those needs.

He built into it great strength, stamina, and stand-up-ability.

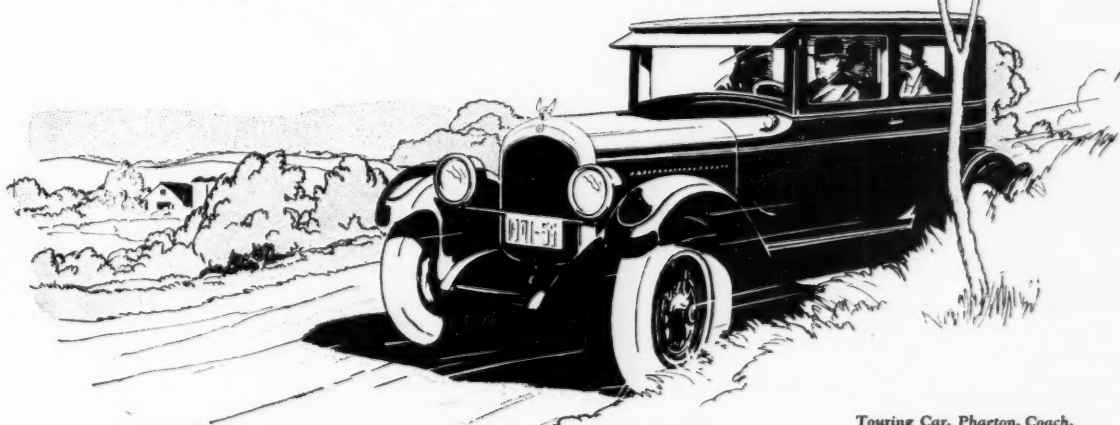
He gave it a motor which has no period of vibration, with an economy of safely over 20 miles to the gallon of fuel, an oil consumption equally low, and a high-gear speed range of from 2 to 70 miles an hour.

Longer life is assured not only by fine materials and careful workmanship, but also by the oil-filter which cleanses all motor oil as the car runs, and by the air-cleaner which keeps out 80% of the road dust which ordinarily enters a motor and helps to grind down bearings and cylinder walls.

Of moderate weight, the Chrysler Six rides as easily as a two-ton car—and it rides the ruts with comfort even at high speed. This is in part due to its more scientific spring suspension, and to the stabilators which are standard equipment.

If you are not yet familiar with this new kind of car, the Chrysler Six dealer is eager to give you any kind of a demonstration you desire.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. WINDSOR, ONT.



# CHRYSLER SIX

Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from \$1395 to \$2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler Six enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Adventure By Rowena Bastin Bennett

A runaway road passes  
grandfather's gate  
And scampers away  
to the sea;  
I say to it, "Please, little  
road, won't you wait?"  
But it only cries, "Come,  
follow me!"  
The gate whispers, "Stay!"  
and the swing cries  
out, "Play!"  
But the runaway road  
just scampers away,  
And I'm so bewitched that  
I burst into laughter  
And leap the low fence and  
go merrily after.  
I've followed before; so  
of course the road  
knows me,  
And there is no end to the  
secrets it shows me:

A meadow lark's nest that  
everyone passes  
Because it is hidden so safe  
in the grasses;  
A cave in the hillside for  
brownies to play in;  
A nook in the forest for  
violets to stay in,  
For jack-in-the-pulpits to  
linger and pray in;  
The haunt of a wood sprite  
in yonder tree's hollow  
And, high on the cliff side, the  
home of the swallow.  
And still the road beckons,  
and still do I follow,  
Till, all wearied out, I sit  
down on a stile,  
And, oh, it is pleasant to  
rest there a while!  
But the tireless road hur-  
ries happily on

Until at the turning it's  
suddenly gone.  
Oh, if it were not for my  
grandmother's worry-  
ing  
I'd follow the road, though  
I'm tired of hurrying;  
I'd see what's behind every  
twisting and bending  
Until I had followed the  
road to its ending!  
And where does it lead, do  
you really suppose?  
Perhaps into Fairyland; no-  
body knows.  
But when I'm grown up I  
shall find where it  
goes—  
Shall follow and see all its  
wonders unfurled.  
It will lead me adventur-  
ing over the world!



## Whither, Little Traveler By Marjorie Vance

II SAW a little lady  
Dressed in her bestest gown,  
A traveling-bag in one hand  
For going out of town.

She looked so very happy,  
I ventured then to say,  
"Is it for far-off cities  
That you are bound today?"

For London or for Paris,  
For Cairo or for Rome?"  
She smiled and answered, "No,  
sir,  
To see if Grandma's home."

♥ ♥

me, and I wanted to surprise you both. Are  
you glad to be here?"

Gretta's eyes shone. "I have my knitting.  
I am making another doll's cape," she said.  
"My doll seems to be proud of hers," said  
the princess with a happy laugh. "She has  
worn it all day. Come, I shall show her to  
you. And," she added, turning to Rolf,  
"if ever you weave a basket large enough to  
hold them, you may have a pair of my  
rabbits. You might run down to the hutch  
now and choose them."

On the way home that afternoon, Gretta  
and Rolf agreed that they had never spent  
a happier day.

"She wasn't like a princess at all," said  
Gretta. "She was just like any other girl and  
very sweet and kind."

"That is what makes her a real princess,"  
said Rolf. And Rolf was right.

## The Real Princess

By Irene S. Woodcock

ROLF and Gretta were visiting their  
uncle in the cottage by the woods.  
"Sometimes the princess passes  
here," he told them. "Perhaps if you watch  
you will see her."

They were at once much excited. They  
had never seen a princess.

"She will be beautiful," said Gretta.

"She will ride a pony and will be kind to  
everyone," said Rolf.

The very next day their uncle had to  
ride away on business.

"But we shall not be lonely," they told  
him. "We shall watch for the princess."

Gretta decided to knit a cape for the  
princess's doll, and Rolf said he would  
weave a basket in which to carry it. All the  
morning their fingers flew and by noontime  
both cape and basket were finished. But the  
princess did not come. They watched and  
watched and at last were ready to give up.  
Then suddenly Gretta cried, "Here she  
comes!"

Riding on a pony, came a girl about her  
age. She was very pretty, though the corners  
of her mouth turned down instead of up;  
and to Rolf's surprise she struck the pony a  
sharp blow before she reached them.  
They stepped forward into the road as she  
came nearer and began curtsying. She  
reined in her pony, and Gretta handed her  
the fine basket on which Rolf had spent so  
much time; in it was the doll's cape. The  
princess reached down for the basket and  
opened it quickly.

"Oh," she exclaimed with a glance at the  
wooden doll in Gretta's arms, "My doll  
wears silk, and I do not care for baskets."  
She struck the pony again and rode away.

Gretta looked at Rolf, and the hot tears  
rushed to her eyes.

"Never mind," he said; "she is not a real  
princess or she would not act in that way.  
Let us walk in the woods and gather flowers.  
We can take your doll along, and you may  
have the basket for her cape."

Gretta dried her tears, and the two  
children entered the woods. There were  
many flowers, and soon they had their  
hands full. They were about to return when  
Gretta seized her brother's arm.

"Some one is crying," she said.

Rolf listened. He followed the direction of

the sound until he came to a little girl who  
had caught her foot between the roots of a  
tree and could not move it.

"Don't cry," he said kindly. "I will help  
you." With his sharp knife he cut one of the  
roots away until she could free herself. But  
she looked so tired that tender-hearted  
Gretta invited her to the cottage to rest.  
The little girl was glad to go with them.  
When they reached the cottage Gretta  
poured milk and cut bread for her, and then  
she felt better. Gretta showed her the basket  
and the doll's cape that she and Rolf had  
made.

"My doll is made only of wood," she  
said. "But I love her dearly, and you may  
hold her if you wish."

The little girl did wish; and she tried the  
cape on the doll several times and admired

again. But at last she said she must go; and  
before they could think of a way to keep her  
longer she was gone.

"She is much more like a princess than  
the other one," said Gretta.

"It isn't being called princess that makes  
you one," said Rolf.

They talked for a long time after that  
about their new friend and were sorry they  
had forgotten to ask her name.

"Perhaps we shall see her tomorrow,"  
said Rolf.

But the next morning a horseman reined  
in at the door. "The princess wishes you to  
take luncheon with her today," he said.

How disappointed they were! But, since  
an invitation from a princess is a command,  
they hastened to get ready. On reaching the  
palace what was their astonishment to see

♥ ♥

♥ ♥

## Fame By Pringle Barret

LITTLE Jenny Miller  
Has freckles on her face,  
And her clothes are just as plain as they can be.  
There is nothing very frilly,  
There is not a speck of lace,  
Anywhere on Jenny Miller, you can see.

But little Jenny Miller  
Is the wonder of the town.  
You can witness her performance any day.  
With admirers all around her  
She parades about the town  
On a pair of stilts—the most amazing way!

♥ ♥

♥ ♥



the basket until Rolf felt very proud of his  
work.

"If you would like the basket, you may  
have it," he said, "and I will make my sister  
another."

"You may have the cape too," said  
Gretta.

The little girl was delighted and hugged  
Gretta and thanked Rolf over and over

the little girl of the woods come forward to  
greet them!

"Why," exclaimed Gretta, "I thought—  
Why, how can you be—"

"I am the princess," she smiled. "Perhaps  
you saw another girl on a pony yesterday.  
She is the daughter of the head keeper at the  
palace lodge. When I left you in a hurry,"  
she went on, "I saw some one coming for

THE little spring and  
summer play, *The  
Planting of the Trees*,  
which appeared in the  
Children's Page in February,  
1922, proved so popular that  
we have reprinted it in pam-  
phlet form with the music and  
with suggestions for the stage  
settings and the costumes. On  
receipt of fifteen cents in stamps  
the Editor of the Children's  
Page will be glad to send the  
pamphlet to any address.

♥



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## STAMPS TO STICK

PROBABLY the four stamps that we show enlarged on this page appear in your own collection. Though from four different countries, they all bear inscriptions in the same language—Latin. If you have studied Latin, you will enjoy searching out the Latin words and phrases on them and on the many other stamps of many countries that can be found if you turn through your album with care. This article will help you and will explain the whys and wherefores of a number of the inscriptions.

**LATIN ON STAMPS.**—Relatively simple to translate are the Latin words *Caritas*, meaning "Charity," on the stamps of Hungary; *Helvetia*, meaning Switzerland, on stamps of that country; *Pax*, meaning "Peace," and *Justitia*, meaning "Justice," on the stamps of certain lands; but many Latin inscriptions on stamps are somewhat lengthy, and often even the veteran philatelist, although he may be comparatively well versed in the "dead language," is a bit puzzled as to the exact meanings.

In alphabetical order are here set down some of the Latin words and phrases found on stamps, supplemented by English interpretations, with here and there a little background designed to make clear the reasons why those particular inscriptions were used:

**Clarior e Tenebris.**—"Brighter out of the Darkness." On the 1906-11 series of Grenada, picturing a "night-enveloped" ship with white sails in contrast with the surrounding darkness—signifying a good omen for the future.

**Commercia Piratis Eruptis Restituta.**—"Commerce Restored after the Expulsion of the Pirates." On the stamps of the Bahamas of 1920—symbolical of the success of the British navy in driving German U-boat raiders from the seas.

**Condominium.**—"Joint Government." On stamps of the New Hebrides, which are under the joint rule of Great Britain and France.

**Damus Petimusque Vicissim.**—"We Give and Ask in Turn," or "We Are Equally Prone to Confer Favors and Request Them." On stamps of British Guiana. A phrase intended to characterize the amenities of international intercourse.

**Dea Roma.**—"The Goddess Rome." On the 15-centesimo value of Italy's commemorative set of 1911. The inscription is within a snake with its tail in its mouth, denoting eternity—that is, Rome, the Eternal City.

**Edwardus VII. D. G. Britt. Omn. Rex F. D. Ind. Imp. Sigill. Antiquae et Barbudae.**—"Edward VII by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. Seal of Antigua and Barbuda." On the stamps of 1903 of Antigua.

**Edwardus Rex Imperator.**—"Edward, King, Emperor." The initials, E. R. I., are surcharged on stamps issued in South Africa after the death of Queen Victoria.

**Et Penitus Toto Regnante Orbe Britannos.**—"And the Britons, Ruling afar through All the World," or "The Britons Whose Kingly Rule Extends over the Whole Globe." On the 1916 series of Barbados.

**Hacc Tibi Dona Fero.**—"These Gifts I Bring Thee." On the 30-cent stamp of the 1897 issue of Newfoundland. This must be read in connection with the English inscription, "Fisherman Bringing Gifts to Britannia," under the design.

**Hic Manebimus Optime.**—"We can do nothing better than stay here." This inscription adorns D'Annunzio's Fiume series of 1920, a few months before Italy expelled D'Annunzio from Fiume. One stamp of this set shows a gushing spring and carries the word *Indeficienter*, meaning "Unceasingly" or "Unfailingly."

**Indus Uterque Serviet Uni.**—the free translation being "The Two Indies Shall Serve One"; in other words, the people of the West Indies and of the East Indies under British rule shall serve the uniform emperor, the King of England. On some of the Jamaica stamps bearing two Indians as the design.

**Labore et Virtute.**—"By Toil and Virtue." Found on one of the stamps that San Marino issued to commemorate the presentation, in 1923, to San Marino of the Italian flag that had flown over the island of Arbe, birthplace of the founder of the tiny republic.

**Nec Temere Nec Timide.**—"Neither Rashly Nor Timidly." On some of the stamps of the free city of Danzig.

**Nihil Sine Deo.**—"Nothing Without God." On stamps of Roumania of 1906.

**Nov. Camb. Aust. Sigillum.** which is the abbreviation for *Novae Cambri Australis Sigillum*—"Seal of New South Wales." On some of the stamps of that government. On the same stamps appears *Sic Fortis Etruria Crevit*, "Thus Etruria Grew Strong," signifying the development of Australia.

**Omnia Juncta in Uno.**—"All United in One." On stamps of the municipality of Shanghai of 1897, signifying the entwining of the various

national emblems shown on the stamps, in connection with the joint administration of the post office by foreign powers.

**Parva Sub Ingenti.**—"Little Things Under the Mighty One." On certain stamps of Canada, signifying the various provinces under one rule.

**Pergo et Perago.**—"I Go Ahead and Finish My Work." On stamps of North Borneo.



ROUMANIA, *Nihil Sine Deo.*—NEWFOUNDLAND, *Hacc Tibi Dona Fero.*—JAMAICA, *Indus Uterque Serviet Uni.*—ITALY, *Dea Roma.*

**Populi Voluntas.**—"The Will of the People." Found on the plebiscite issue of Marionwerder, signifying the vote by the people whether they preferred to join Germany or Poland.

**Post Tenebras Lux.**—"Light After Darkness." A prophetic inscription on stamps of the cantonal postal service of Switzerland, 1843-49.

**Prædicare Evangelium Omni Creaturae.**—"Preach the Gospel to Every Creature." On stamps of the "Propaganda of the Faith" series of Italy. The quotation originates in the fifteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark.

**Præter Omnes Angulus Ridet.**—"Taken from one of Horace's odes and meaning, "This Corner of the World Delights Me more than All Others." Found on Reunion's series of 1907 under a view of city and harbor.

**Pro Juventute.**—"For the Youth." On Swiss charity stamps issued to raise funds with which to combat tuberculosis among children.

**Salus Populi Suprema Lex Esto.**—"Let the Safety of the People Be the Highest Law," or "The Welfare of the People Shall Be the Supreme Law." Found on the St. Louis postmaster's stamps of 1845-47.

**Spes Mihi Prima Deus.**—"My First Hope Is God." Found on the stamps of 1904 of Serbia that commemorated the centenary of the first uprising against the Turks, culminating in the independence of the Serbs.

**Stella Clarisque Maris Indici.**—"Star and Key of the Indian Ocean." An inscription, found on some of the stamps of Mauritius, explaining the significance of a key and a star, which are parts of the design.

**Sub Umbra Floreo.**—"I Flourish in the Shade"; that is, under the rule of the British Empire. Found on the 2-cent peace stamp of 1921 of British Honduras.

**Suscipere et Finire.**—"To Undertake and to Finish," or "To Begin and to Complete." Found on the oldest stamps of Hanover.

**V. R. I.**—Initials of *Victoria Regina Imperatrix*, meaning "Victoria, Queen, Empress." The letters were surcharged by the British on certain stamps of South Africa under British occupation about the time of the Boer War.

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## THE GARDEN SPEAKS

By Nancy Byrd Turner



Come, all good birds!  
Robin and wren and thrush,  
For every one a bush,  
Come with glad words.

And all bright flowers:  
Phlox and delphinium,  
Rose and tall lily, come,  
Make fair the hours.

Come, bees, because here  
Sweets without measure  
Wait for your pleasure.  
Butterflies, pause here.

Toads, find you room.  
In the sweet thickets,  
Humble brown crickets,  
Make you at home.

Be kind here, weather!  
Rain, wet the tender roots;  
Sun, warm the golden fruits;  
Dews, softly gather.

Love, be the warden;  
Peace, all the borders fold.  
God himself once of old  
Walked in a garden.

## THE MASTER WHO WAS A SLAVE

NERO, the lion, was the chief attraction of the circus. On the garish billboards it was affirmed that three trainers had been seriously injured in the effort to tame him. Certainly it was true that Nero had surrendered his snarling will to only one man in the world. That man, armed with a whip and a steel goad, entered the cage night after night, and at his command Nero performed his repertoire of tricks.

There were several thousand people in the circus tent the night that Nero escaped. As was the custom, the long cage was wheeled out into the middle of the arena, and the horses and elephants filed decorously out, for the lion always had the stage to himself. Nero was alone in the cage, for it was part of the performance for his trainer to enter it in sight of the audience. One of the elephants, passing Nero's cage, swerved to escape the tusk of a playful mate. In so doing, he threw the heavy sliding bolt on the lion's cage. The door opened.

Nero, crouching at the door, snarling as usual at the defiling animals, saw the opening. With a roar, he sprang out into the arena. For the first time since his cub days he was free. The trainer was only a few feet away. The man sprang forward armed only with the whip; for the steel-pointed goad was in its usual rack in the cage. Then came a battle of conflicting wills.

"Back! Nero, back!"  
Teeth bared, lips curled in a protesting snarl, Nero crouched.

"Back! Back to your cage!"

The brute crouched lower, his long claws digging nervously in the tan bark. A few persons hurried from the seats, but most of the crowd sat as if hypnotized. With his muscles tense, his eyes aglow with anger, his tail lashing from side to side, maddened by his trainer's interference, Nero crouched still lower.

Knowing that to hesitate was to lose, the trainer stepped forward, lashing the animal's face with his whip. Nero snarled fiercely, but he paused quivering, irresolute.

"Back, Nero!"

The lion's mien slowly changed. His eyes blinked under the whip. Then the brute gave up. With a last, harsh snarl, he turned and sprang back into his cage. The man had won.

But the whole of the story has not been told. One day Nero was without a master; his cage was not rolled out into the arena for his performance. The trainer—the only man whose voice the big lion would obey—had been taken suddenly ill. Nor did he ever come back. The physicians said his premature death was due to alcohol poisoning. But for his addiction to drink he might have lived many years.

The man who was master of the wild beast was not master of himself.

## AUNT SALLY'S "LEGACY"

DURING a recent domestic crisis, writes a friend of The Companion, I found myself in need of a laundress and went to see Aunt Sally Johnson, who had often "helped out" in similar emergencies.

Aunt Sally resides on Railroad Avenue. As I approached I saw her ample figure swaying back and forth in a rocker on her front porch, and my prophetic soul told me that her air of comfort and leisure did not forbode relief to my difficulties. Nevertheless, I made my needs known.

"Well, now, Miss Turner, I sure is sorry I can't 'blige you." Aunt Sally's voice fairly dripped grief. "I'd like to powerful well. I always enjoy workin' for you, Miss Turner. I was tellin' Mr. Johnson only las' night how I always enjoyed doin' your washin'. But, Miss Turner, I's not workin' this summer. I's had a legacy fall to me, an', as I tol' Mr. Johnson, I's needed a rest for years, and now I's gwint to take it."

"A legacy!" I exclaimed, forgetting my own disappointment in the sympathy that makes all the world akin. "I do hope your legacy did not come from some one you cared a great deal about. It wasn't from your son?"

"Yes, it was; sure it was from Jake."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

Aunt Sally stared. "Sorry? What for you sorry?"

"It was my turn to stare. 'Why, didn't Jake die?'"

"Die!" Aunt Sally chuckled. "Where you get that notion, child? Why, Jake is well, and fat, and lazy—he's a schuffer for a rich man in New York. No, ma'am, don't you feel sorry for Jake."

"But how did you get your legacy, then?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," said Aunt Sally. "You remember a family named Corbett, don't you, used to come from the city every summer and lived up the river? Big house and lots of money. Mr. Johnson used to be up there considerable, mowin' lawn and freezin' ice cream, and doin' odd jobs. Nice folks they was, and they had a great big white 'frig'rator, one they paid seventy-five dollars for, they said, when it was new. Mr. Johnson was allurs tellin' how nice that 'frig'rator was. Well, when they was goin' away, five years ago, they let Mr. Johnson have that 'frig'rator for forty dollars; yes, ma'am, for forty dollars; and he worked to pay for the most of it, too."

"So we brought it down and set it up in the parlor. We didn't need it to keep victuals in, for we've got an awful good cellar, and we never have ice; but it was certainly ornamental, and this spring, when Jake come home with his bride, they both went just crazy about it."

"Give it to Liz and me for a wedding present, ma," says Jake.

"No, Jake, I says, you can well afford to buy it, but I'll let you have it for jess what it cost."

"But I haven't got that much money, ma," says Jake.

"Never mind, Jake," says I, 'you can pay for it on the installment plan, if you want to.'

"An' that is what Jake is doin'—he's payin' for that 'frig'rator on the installment plan, five dollars a month, and five dollars a month comes mighty handy."

"So you are getting your forty dollars for the refrigerator in five-dollar installments, are you?" I said.

"Forty dollars?" Aunt Sally chuckled. "It's gettin' seventy-five dollars. You don't think I let Jake have that white 'frig'rator for forty dollars, does you?"

"But you said it only cost you forty dollars," I protested.

"Yes, it only cost Mr. Johnson forty dollars, but it was a seventy-five-dollar 'frig'rator."

"And you have had it five years?"

"That's jess it, Miss Turner. We paid forty dollars for that 'frig'rator, and we's had it five years. Don't you see, honey, if I'd sold that 'frig'rator to Jake for jess what we give for it, we should be losing five years' interest on our investment?"

## THE CHINOOK TALK

WHAT pidgin English is to the traffickers of the Chinese ports the Chinook jargon is along the Pacific coast of our northwestern states and Canada.

The language, says a writer in Adventure, was already in use when Lewis and Clark visited the Columbia in 1805. Astor's agents along the northwest coast and the British traders at Nootka had been handicapped by the fact that fourteen languages, as different from one another as English is from Arabic, were spoken by the natives.

The Chinook dialect, which was simplest, furnished the grammar of the jargon and also a few dozen of its words, but the language, like Topsy, "just grewed."

In its ability to assimilate words it rivals English. It drew terse expressions from the dialects of the tribes that spoke it. A great number of its words were formed by onomatopoeia; that is, by the sounds representing the thing spoken of. Thus *tiktik* means a watch; *tum-tum* means the heart beating; *tum-wahah* is a rapids; *wa-wa* means to talk; *heeh-ee*—but you can guess that.

From the French Canadian *voyageurs* the jargon, characteristically enough, drew many of its expressions that relate to love-making, drinking, singing, dancing and the like. Thus:

*Beebe*, from *baiser*, means to kiss; *labouti*, from *la bouteille*, means a bottle or the contents thereof; *mahsie*, from *merci*, means thanks; *malieh* and *tanse* come from the French words meaning to marry and to dance.

English furnished some peculiar expressions. *Oleman*, from "old man," means worn out; *kwahta* and *tollah* are recognizable coins; *waum-sick* means fever, *stick-house*, a frame dwelling; *nose* means promontory; Americans are *Bostonni*; Englishmen are *Kinchortchi*—King George.

Pelton was the name of a crazy man who lived at Astoria. So *mika Pelton* means "You are crazy."

The inability of the coast tribes to pronounce r, f and nasal n—in this respect as in others they resemble the Chinese—gives a curious twist to some English words. *Lice* and *glease* and *cauppy*, for rice and grease and coffee, sound like the talk of an Oriental cookee in a lumber camp.

## A WHIFFLE-MINDED MAN

I LIKE to keep chatty and neighborly with a man that lives as close to me as Henry Barker does," said Caleb Peaslee as he paused to mop his face with a large handkerchief. Deacon Hyne, who was helping Caleb hoe the long rows of early potatoes, leaned on his hoe handle and waited.

"He can't keep his mind on what he's doin'," Caleb explained, "and it gits into his talk, too; he'll be discussin' one thing, and it'll put him in mind of somethin' else, and off he'll go on a new tack c'mpletely. Whiffle-minded, I'd call it."

"I don't know that I ever give it much thought," remarked the deacon, "but now that you speak of it I c'n see Henry's given that way. For one thing, I r'member he started last May to build a piece onto his henhouse, and before he got it finished he'd begun a piece of picket fence and a new well curb and a set of steps to his back porch; had 'em all goin' at the same time."

"Jest the same when you're talkin' to him," Caleb asserted. "You git him fairly pinned down, you think, to answer some question—and whatever it is reminds him of some other thing way off on another line—and away he goes, draggin' you with him."

"I was over there last night to see jest how he stood on the matter of havin' three on the school c'mmittee, 'stead of five, as we have now. I put it up to him and waited to see what he had to say; and he stood and thought a spell and when at last he did speak it was somethin' about when they wouldn't let 'em have schools in Ireland years ago; he wondered what they done about school c'mmittees there in them days—no more to do with what we're goin' to do here in Dilmouth this year than it has with red Injuns, fur's I c'd make out. The only way you c'n git him to stick to anything is to put him in fear of his bodily comfort. Jest one time and on that very account, c'n I remember Hen Barker startin' to do a thing and keepin' right at it till he got it done."

"This time," Caleb went on, "was when Judge Cummings got that savage hoss traded on to him at the state fair—and when he got him home he found out he was so ugly that there wasn't a man on the place that c'd handle him. The hoss didn't kick so much as bite; go near him and he'd lay back his ears and squeal and come for you with his mouth open—awful terrifyin'! They made out to git him into the pasture, and there the judge left him till he c'd make up his mind what to do with him."

"Whilst things was in this state I was goin' over to r'ds Barker's place one mornin',—you know his pasture runs side and side with Cummings's for fifty rods or so,—and I stopped to take a look at that man-eatin' hoss the judge had got stuck with; he was cert'nly a good-lookin' hoss."

"Well, I stood there lookin' at the hoss and he at me when all at once, fur down in the pasture, I heard somebody whistlin',—and the hoss heard it full as soon as I did,—and then I see Henry Barker comin' along to r'ds us. The hoss give a squeal and started!"

"I let out a beller, and Henry heard it and started for the pasture fence. He had about twenty rods to travel and the hoss more'n twice that far to git to him. Henry got to the fence and over it out of the way, but only jest. He only wavered once on the way,—for a second he seemed to slow up a mite,—but the next second he was puttin' foot to the ground as earnest as I ever see a man run!"

"I made what haste I could to git to him and found he wa'n't hurt none, only winded; but what do you s'pose I found out?"

The deacon was unable to suppose, and said so.

"Wal," said Caleb, "even with that man-eatin' hoss after him he wa'n't wholly able to keep his mind from wanderin' off'n the job he had in hand; when he swerved a mite he'd caught sight of a little patch of blueberries—fust ones he'd seen that year, so he told me, and his mouth watered for 'em."

"But jest as I ketched sight of 'em," he says, "that critter fetched out another squeal—and I made up my mind it wa'n't any time to stop and pick blueberries, so I kep' right on." "That's the only time I c'n certify that Hen

started one job and finished it 'thout gittin' toled off on to somethin' else," Caleb concluded, "and, as you see, he come mighty near layin' it one side to pick blueberries; he would have if he'd dared to."

"Whiffle-minded!" reflected the deacon.

## EXALTED POLITENESS

THE quaintness, the elaborateness, the grace and the flowery phraseology of Japanese courtesy rarely fail to delight, just as frequently they amuse, the brusque and hurrying Occidental, whose own bow is often limited to a nod and his polite vocabulary to little more than "please" and "thank you." In a recent number of the Outlook Mr. Stewart B. Nichols gives some interesting explanations and examples of daily manners in Japan on quite ordinary occasions.

The Japanese phrase for "come in," literally translated, is "honorably entering deign"; for "it is hot today," "honorably hot augustly is"; for "you must go down a little in price," "little honorable cheapening deign." If a Japanese wishes to express sympathy either for a trivial disappointment or for a grief, he does so in the phrase "okinodoku honorable poison of my spirit." (I sympathize with you so deeply my spirit is quite poisoned.)

More entertaining than such disjointed phrases is a bit of dialogue between two middle-aged matrons of culture and social standing who meet each other casually in the street. Thus, literally translated:

Mrs. Ito. This—Mrs. Very Honorable Yamamoto can it augustly be?

Mrs. Yamamoto. Why, Mrs. Very Honorable Ito! I declare it (our absence) does deign to be a most honorably long time.

Mrs. Ito. A really terrible unexplainable-by-the-worst-excuse-of-all honorable unsociableness I am perpetrating. At your house, every honorable body, how do they augustly deign to be?

Mrs. Yamamoto. A thousand thanks are! Because of your augustly propitious shadow, sickness perpetrating persons honorably are not, and all in health are deigning to exist. Owing to which, at your honorable house all the honorables how are?

There is one element of conversational courtesy in Japan that Mr. Nichols finds responsible for many misunderstandings in dealing with foreigners, and especially for creating for the too-ingratiating Japanese workman a reputation for untrustworthiness. It is the belief that a downright "no" is impolite. "Yes, we have no bananas" may be of Italian origin, but it would sound quite natural in Japan. At least it would not be "No, we have no bananas," but something much less direct: some way of breaking more gently to the customer with a craving that bananas alone could be expected wholly to satisfy the sad news that he would have to put up with oranges instead or go without.

"Will you come up to my room tonight?" one may ask a Japanese friend.

"Yes," he will reply, "but I am going to Osaka."

The first response to an impossible request is usually a thoughtful "yes." After a contemplative repetition one hears "but," followed by a suggestion of dissent, and, if he understands his Japan, he knows that the project is not entertained. But if he does not, or the dissent is but vaguely hinted, there may be trouble. When a laborer, for example, politely agrees to work at a certain day or time and fails to appear the employer is naturally aggrieved. But the man probably never intended to come or thought he would be expected, notwithstanding that his reply to the proposal had been ninety-nine per cent "yes" to one per cent "no." A definite refusal would have been impolite.

## "NO MORE SENSE THAN A RABBIT"

THAT is an old adage which has come down from the past. I do not know who coined it, writes a correspondent, or how it came into use. At any rate I have learned from experience that there is about as much truth in it as in the statement, "Horse hairs turn to hair snakes."

One Sunday night late in the spring a few years ago I was caught in a belated snowstorm in northwest Kansas. I had a friend with me and was only too glad to accept his hospitable invitation to stay over night with him and go on to town the next morning.

It rained and snowed by turns most of the night. The roads were very soft in the morning, but I started out, being careful to put my chains on the car before starting. I was the first traveler along the road, and that made it unusually hard for the car. I was just beginning to go up a small hill that had been graded late the fall before when one of my chains came off. I stopped the car and climbed out to fix the chain, when a chicken hawk swooped down on an unsuspecting jack rabbit about five or six rods out in the field.

I was not very enthusiastic over jacking up the car in the mud, and so I stopped to watch the fun. At first the rabbit attempted to get away, but the hawk had him firmly by the back with his talons. At the same time he was pecking him on the back of the head and striking him with his wings. The rabbit must have realized that things looked pretty slim for him,



for all at once he stiffened up and squealed loudly four or five times.

Almost immediately two other jacks appeared on the scene. They were running side by side like two schoolboys as hard as they could. They came straight for the hawk without an instant's hesitation. One of them struck him squarely, and knocked him four or five feet from the prostrate jack. Neither of the rescuing jacks hesitated a second. They seemed to know exactly what the hawk would do, and what they ought to do. They separated, going off at right angles from each other and from the injured jack.

The hawk was taken so by surprise that he did not look back at the injured rabbit, but went in hot pursuit after one of the other rabbits. The injured rabbit sat up in a dazed way, shook his injured head and crawled under a near-by tumble weed. He was out of sight when the hawk came back from his futile chase of the other jacks. He had lost his breakfast, and I guess he was pretty cross. I don't know whether he learned anything from his encounter or not, but when I hear the old adage, "No more sense than a rabbit," I reflect that we humans do not always give dumb animals credit for all they know.

#### THE HAND-HELPED MARY ANN

A LITTLE anecdote in a recent number of *The Companion*, called *Sister Remains on Guard*, has reminded a correspondent to tell *The Companion* family of the ingenuity of another small girl in taking advantage of a less sophisticated playmate. She calls the little girl Mary Ann.

A week before Christmas, brimming with glee and enthusiasm, she ran to the home of her little neighbor and playmate, Emily, exclaiming, "Let's start a Helping Hand Society, shall we?"

This was like a new game to little Emily, which she was eager to try. Mary Ann became the self-appointed treasurer, and together they canvassed Emily's household, getting fifty-four cents in funds for the Helping Hand treasury.

Near-by shop windows were alluringly filled with Christmas attractions, to which the two little girls soon found their way.

Later a quiet little Emily came home and said, "Mother, we spent all the money."

"And what did you buy?" asked mother.

"Well, we paid fifteen cents for a present for Mary Ann's little brother—and fifteen cents for a present for her mother—"

"And what else, dear?"

"—and fifteen cents for a present for Mary Ann's cousin."

"Let me see," said mother, "three presents, each fifteen cents; then you had nine cents left, didn't you?"

"Oh, no!" Emily said. "We spent the rest for paper and cord to wrap up Mary Ann's presents."

The object of the society accomplished, its existence ended then and there.

#### THE MISSING WILD MAN

CIRCUS men are always looking for novelties to recruit that more or less amusing collection of "freaks," genuine and manufactured, which is called the "side show." One morning, says Mr. Gil Robinson in his book, *Old Wagon Show Days*, the most remarkable-looking specimen of humanity I had ever seen came to the front door and asked for a job. His hair was at least a foot and a half long, and his whiskers looked like a haystack after a cyclone. He was immediately hired as a "freak" and given a dollar to bind the bargain. "We'll call you the 'Wild Man of Yonkers,'" I told him.

The fellow walked away, pleased at the idea of breaking into the circus game. About one o'clock, while I was in the side-show, the ticket taker called to me. "Say, boss," he yelled, "here's a man who claims he is the 'Wild Man of Yonkers' and he wants to get in for nothing."

"Pass him in," I called.

A gentlemanly appearing young fellow, with short hair and a clean-shaven face, came in.

"You're not the 'Wild Man of Yonkers,'" I said.

"Oh, yes, I am," he grinned.

"But," I protested, "where are your whiskers and long hair?"

"Oh," he said, still grinning, "I spent the dollar you gave me for a shave and hair cut!"

He had shaved away his value to us.

#### DWARF TREES OF GREAT AGE

EXPERIENCED observers of flora and fauna of mountain slopes tell of nothing more extraordinary than the dwarf firs that cling to the flinty crevices of rocky ledges well above the normal line of verdure. At four thousand feet above sea level, on the wind-swept peaks of the White Mountains, the dwindling tree growth gives way to barren wastes of stone, except where special shelter from prevailing winds has encouraged solitary specimens to grow. In a realm where the wind blows one hundred and seventy miles an hour, and snow flies from June to September, for a plant to germinate and live for a single season would appear a marvel in itself; but for it to

endure even with a starved growth is a miracle of nature.

Blown by the winds from the forests below, a seed from a fir tree has sometime lodged in a crevice of a ledge, where through the years dust, silt and soil of a kind have been similarly brought from the lower world. By some fortuitous combination of exposure to fog and sunshine it has germinated and, surviving the freezing cold and sweeping winds and winter snows, each spring has become almost imperceptibly a little stronger.

Mr. Arthur S. Pease, in a report to the Boston Society of Natural History, tells of observations made at various altitudes along the Watson Path on Gordon Ridge, Mt. Madison. In the scattering tree growth he cut one specimen that at one foot above the ground had a diameter of six and a half inches, in the cross section of which, under the microscope, he counted eighty-one rings, each the sign of a year's growth. At the tree line a specimen was found eight feet high and two inches in diameter one foot from the ground; it had sixty-eight rings. Above the altitude of forty-eight hundred feet three varieties of trees were taken for comparison; one had a diameter of two and seven-tenths inches and fifty-two rings, one a diameter of one inch and sixty-eight rings, and one a diameter of one and a half inches and twenty-six rings. Mr. Pease observes that in the northern limits of forest lands in Labrador other investigators found a scrubby fir tree that was two inches in diameter, had a total height of only thirteen inches and showed fifty-four rings.

#### ANOTHER WEASEL STORY

I WAS interested in the article in *The Companion* about the man who caught and killed a weasel barehanded, writes a subscriber, the more so because I saw a like incident myself.

When I was a boy of twelve we lived on a farm in Indiana. Night-prowling animals were always raiding our chicken roosts, and a startled squawk from the fowls was always the signal for a rush to the scene of trouble. One foggy night we were all sitting round the fire when the squalling of an old hen sent mother and father on the run. Mother reached the chicken house first and, catching up the now fluttering and complaining fowl in her arms, she started back towards the house. Feeling something hanging to the hen, she walked to where the light from the window enabled her to see, and there, with its teeth buried in the throat of its victim, was a large weasel. With her free hand mother threw the folds of her shawl round the creature and grasped it firmly round the throat. Instantly releasing its hold on the hen, it began to claw and scratch in its effort to break away, but it was no use. Mother's hold could not be shaken off, and, rushing into the house, she held the marauder firmly while father killed it with a blow on the head from an old-fashioned poker.

#### A CAUTIOUS CERTIFICATE

IN a large ten room in a Middle-Western city there is a rule that the waitresses shall wear no jewelry while they are in uniform. One of the older waitresses had to be repeatedly reprimanded for wearing small, diamond-studded earrings for which her ears had been pierced many years before.

Finally the manager had a very determined interview with the offending maid, who protested vigorously with all the daring of an old employee who knew her value.

"I gotta wear 'em," she insisted. "They help me see."

"Have you a doctor's certificate to that effect?" inquired the amused yet annoyed director.

"Oh, I can get one," declared the woman confidently.

True to her word, the very next day she bustled into the office with the written certificate from a doctor.

In careful words, beneath a neat letterhead, appeared the following:

"This is to certify that Mrs. Betty — asserts that she receives benefit to her eyesight from wearing earrings."

"Signed, —, M.D."

#### HALF AND HALF WITH A VENGEANCE

THERE once lived somewhere in Vermont two farmers who were noted for their thrift and their exact sense of justice. Tradition says that on the line between the two farms grew a large butternut tree. Every autumn the two men met to gather and divide the crop.

On one occasion a squirrel made a third party and was clever enough to run off with the last butternut. Down the line fence he scampered and after him ran the two farmers, each on his own side of the fence, and each shouting loudly, "Drop it! Drop it!"

The uproar so confused the squirrel that he did drop the nut and shot up a near-by tree.

The men picked up the nut, cracked and divided it in half, after which each man shouldered his sack and went home well satisfied.

Regarding the reflections that went on in the tree top, history is silent.

## Now, let's all have pretty teeth this quick, easy way

### Use Pepsodent—get off the film—and see how white they'll be!



BOYS! Girls! Do you know why pretty white teeth are so important?

You'll say, "because they look nice," and that's a good answer. But the real reason is that white teeth are a sign of clean teeth. Cleaner teeth means sounder teeth—less cavities which ache and have to be filled.

#### How to get off the film?

Use Pepsodent to remove the cloudy film that makes your teeth look dingy.

You can prove this with your tongue. The film you feel now will be gone after just a few Pepsodent brushings.

Ordinary cleaning can't accomplish this adequately—the film resists and clings although you think you've given your teeth a thorough cleansing.

So to have whiter, sounder teeth, which are both more attractive and healthy, you must use Pepsodent.

#### 10-day tube free

Mail the coupon and we'll send you a

free 10-day tube of Pepsodent, which means that it will last you through 10 days of night and morning brushing.

Feel the film with your tongue before you start using it. And every time you use it afterwards. You will find your teeth now feel like smooth, polished ivory. You can't believe there's such a difference until you try Pepsodent.

When the 10-day tube is gone, tell your mother you want a big, full-size tube of Pepsodent for yourself. She'll gladly get it for you, because she wants you to use it. Mothers all know about Pepsodent.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.  
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by  
World's Dental Authority

#### FREE—Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 823, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Only one tube to a family.

1800

Dear Tommy  
I hope you  
will come to my  
party at my  
house on Thurs-  
day at 3 O'clock  
Margaret Crane



### What is a party without Nabisco Sugar Wafers?

READ OVER the invitation carefully again. It doesn't say a word about Nabisco and ice-cream—it doesn't need to.

For Nabisco and ice-cream are two things you just know you will find at the party. They are just as certain as fresh, neat dresses and clean collars.

With its two crisp wafers enclosing a

delightfully flavored creamy center, Nabisco is a delicious treat and a nourishing one too; like all the products baked by "Uneeda Bakers" it contains only pure and wholesome ingredients.

Remind your mother to get a supply of these famous sugar wafers to serve at your next party.

#### NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneeda Bakers"

#### CHO-SECO INK PELLETS

Make better ink for less money. Fountain pen favorite. Never corrodes, gums nor molds. Always writes right.

Ask any dealer or send 6 cts for sample

Cho-seco Ink Co., Opp. Union Station, Albany, New York

#### THE HAYES METHOD FOR ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER

The Recognized Standard of Successful Treatment For particulars of the Hayes Method which is administered in your own home without interrupting your daily work or duties, address F. HAYES, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin F-251. Special attention to children.



# OUTDOORS SECTION



It has been said that history repeats itself. One of America's most picturesque bits of history has been repeating itself quite emphatically during the last decade, perhaps with a less grim and determined purpose, but with a worthy one nevertheless. Half a century ago came the covered wagon; today the covered wagon is on the move again—modernized. It is the motor car, and the trail leads west and east, north and south.

It is estimated that two million persons went camping with the automobile during last year. And the pleasures of the covered-wagon days were lived again—minus some of the thrills and all of the dangers. People, it would seem, still have a pronounced instinct to go pioneering, to rough it, to live under the stars, as perhaps man was meant to live. Automobile camping is something more than a fad or a passing fancy. Those who try it once are likely to try it again. Many, and this means thousands, live in this manner from one January to the next, going south with the birds and returning north when spring comes. Of course this plan, delightful as it might prove, is beyond the attainment of most of us. But a vacation of several weeks spent with a car has many advantages over the conventional vacation at a hotel or boarding house.

Perhaps the keenest flavor to the pastime is the feeling of freedom, the being absolutely independent of train schedules, dinner bells, the hundred and one customs with which civilized man hobbles himself. The motor camper is his own boss. He goes where he pleases, eats what and where he pleases and sleeps as long as he wishes. If he doesn't like one landscape, he can pull up stakes in fifteen minutes and steer a joyous course for some other spot.

Then there is the economy. It is safe to say that living in the car is the most economical vacation possible to find. Beyond the initial expense of equipment the only cost is that of running the car itself. You have to eat at home anyway, and it certainly is cheaper to supply a table on wheels than it is to supply the table in the ordinary city or town home. The staples of life can be bought at a much lower figure by the wayside—no doubt of that. Not the least of the advantages gained from this method of nomadic provisioning is the certainty that everything you buy is fresh. This appeals especially to the city-dweller.

There must be some good reason for the undeniable lure that this modern pioneering exerts over so many people. Perhaps the best guess would be—adventure. It is adventure—and adventure in a most charming form. The camper on wheels need never know in advance just where he is going to lay his head when night comes. It may be by a lake side, in a field



by a comfortable farmhouse, beside a brook or waterfall, or in the woods. Or if he likes to schedule his adventures more methodically, he can do so with his road map and his guide to the listed camp grounds. But in whatever manner he goes there is bound to come a joyous quickening of the pulse and a thirst to see what new things the world has to offer.

Aside from the mere pleasures of camping and traveling, the educational advantages are only limited by the scope of a journey and the time to look about. You can really "see America first" with a tent and a car. No place where wheels can turn is hidden from the motor camper. The national parks and the national forests are all accessible to the camper, and these alone afford a wonderfully satisfying dish for the eye and mind to feed upon. It is geography at first hand, nature study at your feet.

Even the vacationer who has but two weeks can enjoy a splendid and satisfying trip with his tent and car. A thousand miles—comfortable miles too—can be done in a fortnight. The ideal day's journey is a leisurely jaunt of about seventy-five miles.

Strange as it may seem, there are many people who see a flock of bugaboos looming

## AUTOMOBILE CAMPING

above a motor-camping trip. They have visions of wild animals pouncing upon them at night; they fancy the presence of awesome creatures so bizarre as to deserve a place with Alice in Wonderland. They even entertain some horror of the ground itself, at least of sleeping upon it. Those fears are foolish. About the worst that can happen to anybody is getting fat from too healthy an appetite—if this comes under the head of bugaboos.

What is the cost of a camping trip with the car? The actual running expense has been mentioned—that of gasoline and oil. There is nothing additional in the way of food; you eat the same things you do at home. The thing we do have to consider, though, is the equipment. This can be the most simple sort of outfit, just a shelter and the other necessities borrowed from the home; or it can run into hundreds of dollars, as do the outfits that provide all the comforts of home.

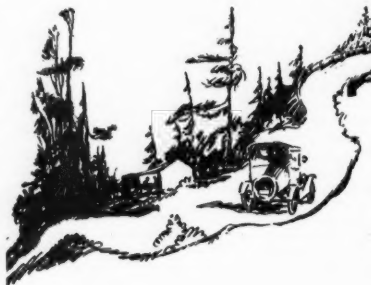
Although a perfectly good time can be had with the simplest and crudest of outfits, such affairs are usually in the nature of "enjoying a lark" or "roughing it." The way to get the last measure of fun out of it is to do it in comfort. There is no need of doing it in any other way; it is perfectly possible to be as comfortable living by the wayside as it is when living at home. Manufacturers are constantly turning out new things for just this sport, that the motor camper may be happy without a home, so to speak.

Everything needful can be carried on or in an ordinary touring car. It is not necessary to spread and hang things all over the car either; they can be arranged in shipshape fashion, so that the camper won't have the feeling that he is an animated cartoon. Any standard American automobile in good condition will fill the bill; the cheaper as well as the most expensive will go across the continent.

It isn't the brand, age or type of a car that qualifies it for motor-camping service; it is the condition. No one should attempt a camping tour with a car that has not been thoroughly gone over and carefully tested. Once the car is in order there are only a few extras needed, even for an extended trip. Spare gallon cans of oil and gasoline can be good friends in an emergency. An extra fan belt will not take up

generally speaking, all the new models have been built on the lines of two or three old friends. The umbrella pattern and the lean-to, or Baker, type have proved to be the most popular. Some of them have been designed to go with a car, usually being connected, when set up, with the top of the automobile flap. Those flaps are long enough to make a small additional room between the car and the main body of the tent, a space splendidly adapted for cooking or for setting up a small dining table.

When designed to fit a car the lean-to tent proves an ideal shelter. It has a wide opening in front, high enough to walk under; the roof slopes away to the rear and ends in a back wall that is from three and one half to four feet high. The better tents are equipped with side flaps that can be buttoned together in front, thus making an all-weather-proof dwelling. Of course in pleasant weather the flaps are usually left open or used as a windbreak on the sides. Three poles, which come in easily-carried sections, make this tent hard to blow down; properly set up with strong guy ropes and good pegs, it will withstand the roughest weather. The umbrella tent is shaped somewhat like a pyramid with four sides slightly inclined and a rigid top. Some campers don't like the centre pole, but it is all in getting used to the thing. After you have stubbed your toe against it in the dark once or twice, you'll remember it's there and govern yourself accordingly.



Whatever the design, the important thing about any shelter is its "liveableness," its ability to stand rough usage and provide comfort and safety to its occupants. It is essential that your canvas house be waterproof, and that it be secure against big and little bugs, singing bugs and stinging bugs. Security against bugs means a sewed-in floor cloth and an adequate small-meshed netting. Just a section of old-time mosquito netting won't do. It must be finer than that and much stronger. The tent-makers build them to fit the tent. Usually they are secured by snap fasteners on a stout hem that can be buttoned to the main opening and the floor cloth.

While by far the greatest number of campers use tents for their shelters, there are those who prefer something different, like the trailer or the bed slung in the car. The trailer is a much maligned article, but it really has some good points. The worst we can say of it is that it makes added weight, some six hundred pounds or so, and that it is difficult to back it up. The joint on its pole does make it rather tricky when you are trying to reverse. But people who like the trailer never let that bother them, and somehow they manage to get about in all sorts of places. The trailer keeps the car itself free from baggage and equipment, and that makes for the bodily comfort of passengers. The actual living and sleeping in a trailer is hard to beat for comfort.

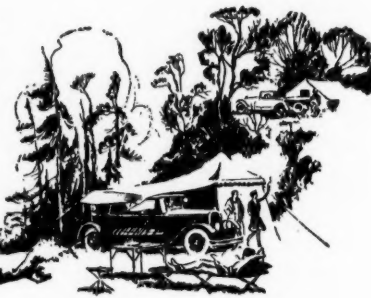
There are various ingenious articles that are built to do away with the tent. These utilize the car space above the seats, and most of them consist of a frame that supports a spring and a mattress, either above the seat backs or supported by the seats with the backs tilted out of the way on hinges. Of course only two persons can sleep in a car, owing to the narrow width, but these arrangements are comfortable, warm and off the ground. But if you intend to cook and camp most of the time, a tent will be needed anyway.

The problem of beds is one to tax the intellect, not because there are no good beds, but because there are so many of them. From the old army cot up to the collapsible metal-frame spring bed there are scores of different styles. There is one thing no camper has to do, however, and that is to sleep on the ground; those days are gone forever. The army cot leaves something to be wished for, if you have been used to sleeping on thick, soft mattresses and easy springs. It is cold, for one thing, if you don't use plenty of blankets or papers between

it and the sleeper. But it is inexpensive and easy to carry and serves for other things round a camp, such as chairs and tables. Properly used, the army cot is a very useful article. The various metal frame beds with springs are, in effect, much like the home bed; so there is little to say about them. They are comfortable and convenient. The pneumatic mattress is an article that has caused some discussion pro and con, but, like the army cot, properly used it is one of the most satisfactory and comfortable beds. Of course it's cold; anything round a camp at night is cold. But a pneumatic mattress dressed up with a sufficient number of warm, woolly blankets will make the sandman come a-running.

The sleeping bag is an article of real worth and joy—if it is a good one. The sleeping bag has one attribute that is peculiar to itself, and that makes many campers vote for it—you can't get uncovered in the night when you are in one. For the tossing, restless sleeper it is a godsend. The combination of a fine, warm sleeping bag and a cot is hard to better, but the bag can be used alone on the ground if necessary.

It will be noticed that in describing all these



things the word "comfort" has been stressed; that is the significant thing about this new mode of camping. It is no longer necessary for the camper to make a pack mule of himself or to sleep on hemlock boughs, picturesque as such things may be. The roomy, powerful car frees him from all the discomforts of living in the woods. His camp bed can be as soothing and sleep-inducing as the one at home and his little canvas bungalow as snug and cozy as a house. Perhaps this is why our woods and fields have so many new folks in them of late.

Napoleon said that an army travels upon its stomach. Perhaps it would be less true to say that a motor-camping party travels in the same way, but the pleasure of the outing can certainly be marred by ignoring the insistent calls of that organ for food and lots of it. Which brings us down to that important item—the commissary department.

There is only a limited space for the kitchen, dining table and pantry. Consequently a good many articles that go to make up this department must be of the telescoping or folding variety. To do the thing right we have to carry a stove, a refrigerator, a dining table and something to approximate a pantry. That sounds like a huge order, but really these things are most accommodating passengers—or shall we call them cargo?

There are many types of stove, but they all have one thing in common: they collapse into almost wafer-like thinness. The wood-burning stove, the wood-burning sheet-iron grate and the gasoline stove are the three most commonly used, and all of them are quite satisfactory. Ovens can be added to them, and they will cook anything.

Perhaps the gasoline stove fits into this gypsy sort of life best of the three. The fuel (which it uses very sparingly) is always at hand. This stove can be used in any kind of rough weather and is hot enough to please any cook. A first-class two-burner model makes an ideal outfit for the ordinary small family and folds up, when not in use, into about the size of a week-end case. It uses gasoline under pressure and operates exactly as does an ordinary gas range in the home, with quite as dependable a blaze.

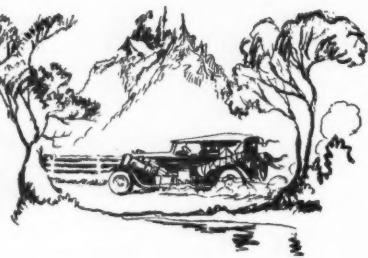
The folding, wood-burning stove has many friends, and it really is a fine thing, at least in localities where wood is plentiful. It not only cooks pretty nearly anything but is a heater, and so is welcome indeed on a cool morning or evening. These stoves come in sheet iron (very light) and in a cast-iron model that is more substantial.

The wood-burning grills or grates are the lightest of all and, considering their moderate price and simple construction, perform remarkably well. Generally they consist of three sides of sheet iron with a wire grate holding the tops of the sides together, with the front left open. Set them up in the ground and build a small wood fire under the grate—and that's all there is to it.

### 2,000,000

persons went motor camping last year—that's the estimate. You and your brothers and sisters and all your folks should be among the greater number that will go this year. Here's how it's done.

**HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY**  
who wrote this article, has made it his business to study the newer methods of living in the open.



much room and may prove very welcome. Perhaps the most important tool about a car (and one sadly overlooked) is a tire pump that will pump. We have pumps that wheeze and whistle and squeak, but they don't always pump good-sized gulps of air into the tire. Get a good one. The recognized pal to a good pump is a good jack. The jack is, in the hands of a capable person, what its name suggests—a jack of all trades. It's a real trouble-solver, and nothing but a sturdy one will suffice. One of these with an extra-long jointed handle will save your clothes.

When it comes to tents—why, there are tents and tents—and then more tents. The advent of motor camping has inspired the tent-makers to think up something new, and the result has been a wonderful variety of shelters; but,



Speaking of heat leads us to think about the other extreme. Certain it is that the absence of a satisfactory icing apparatus will permit things to spoil. Butter, bacon, milk and cream will not keep well on the road in the hot season unless they are kept cold. The ice basket and the ice box built especially for touring and camping are excellent, keep everything cool and firm and need only a piece of ice no bigger than your head. The baskets are attractively made of rattan, insulated and lined with tin. The narrow shape makes it possible to fit one on a running board or even in the back of the car.

Nobody needs to be warned about carrying a Limoges dinner set in such a jumpy thing as an automobile. What is needed is something light in weight, unbreakable and inexpensive. It would be hard to find a better material than enamel ware, that sturdy friend of the housewife. A set of plates, mugs (no saucers) and cereal dishes pretty nearly fills the bill. The plates ought to be of a size somewhat smaller than a breakfast plate. Somehow the white-and-blue design seems cheerier than the granite ware—especially at a rainy morning breakfast.

For the camper who intends spending a good deal of time out on the road, the luncheon kit of the proper size for the party is about the best thing on the market. These kits cost a bit more than the promiscuously gathered, hit-or-miss collection, but they are worth the difference. Plates, cups, dishes, salt and pepper shakers, knives, forks and spoons are all fitted snugly into leather straps, and the whole outfit closes up into a compact, neat case. There is also room in one for vacuum bottles, and food can be carried in jars or tins.

It would be a rash adviser that would attempt to tell a housewife, on the road or at home, what tools she should use in the art of cooking. "There's them that prefers this and them that prefers that." So no hard and fast rules can be set down regarding stew pans, frying pans, coffee pots and the like. The only suggestion that may be given is in respect to lightness and compactness. Aluminum frying pans with folding handles take up little room when not in use. All these articles can be used at home as well as in the camp. Speaking of aluminum, there are entire outfits made of this metal of the nesting pattern that fit into a carrying case. These outfits take care of the entire cooking and dining problem so far as dishes are concerned.

#### SOMETHING NEW IN BASS FISHING

**F**LY FISHING is the most sportsmanlike and thoroughly satisfactory method of taking any game fish. Although much has been written about fly fishing for black bass, the truth of the matter is that that method is successful only on rare occasions on our eastern and northern lakes and streams. It should be good news, then, to all bass fishermen—to the confirmed angler and the occasional fisherman as well—that a new method of bass fishing has been discovered that is not only widely successful but closely approaches fly fishing.

The new method consists in using a feather minnow, a recent creation in artificial baits, which is used with regular fly-casting equipment, the minnow being so light that it can easily be cast and fished in almost the same way as flies are used.

The minnows are about three inches long over all. The head of the minnow, through the centre of which passes the shank of the single hook, is made of cork and is slightly less than an inch long. Different-colored feathers make up the rest of the bait.

Fishing with feather minnows offers all the advantages that fly fishing has over bait casting, or still fishing with live bait. It does away with the short, stiff rod used in bait casting, and also with the many-hooked "plugs," spoons and spinners used in that method of angling. Also, as contrasted with still fishing, it enables the angler to start out at any time without the necessity of first procuring live minnows or other natural bait, often hard to get and always hard to keep.

Owing to the simplicity of the tackle required, the method is unusually well adapted to the needs of the boy or man who goes fishing but seldom. The best rod is a good quality of split-bamboo, nine or nine and a half feet in length. A steel rod also does very well if it is of the best quality, but it should be one of the shorter lengths, say eight and a half feet. Steel rods longer than that are likely to be heavy and whippy. The rod, of course, must be a fly rod; that is, a rod on which the reel is placed below the handgrip.

Use a simple single-action reel and a size E enameled line. A short, strong gut leader should connect the casting line and the minnow. Do not use metal or gimp leaders, for they interfere with the proper action of the minnow.

Have at least two feather minnows in the outfit in order to provide a change of pattern and also a reserve in case of accident. For stream fishing, add a creel with a sling, and perhaps waders.

The feather minnow is a floating bait and stays on or close to the surface nearly all the time except when in stream fishing it is pulled under by the action of the current on the line. In working the minnow try to imitate the struggles of an injured live minnow. Move it rather slowly, but keep it in constant motion

Dining without some sort of dining table is about as bad as sleeping without a bed. Those who have tried going without can vouch for the inconvenience. The old Romans who used to recline at the table might be able to find comfort in hanging to a running board and reaching for a red-hot coffee pot with one hand, but we who are accustomed to sitting up really need a table. There are many tables on the market that fold and telescope, all designed to fit into the merest crevice in the baggage department when not in use. The ordinary folding card table is most serviceable. Tables with the leatherette tops stand the wear the best. Upon them of course dishes can be washed, and for that a sheet of linoleum or oil cloth is needed. The cloth also makes an admirable table cloth. Folding chairs and stools can be used with these tables, and unless it is covered with permanent fixtures you can always count the running board of the car as seats for two.

One of the really needful things in the caravan is a water pail. To city dwellers a water pail is something to pose with in pictures, but once on the road you will find a good water pail is worth its weight in water. There is an inexpensive pail made of heavy duck that folds up like an opera hat, and that will carry water after the fibres have become well soaked. You must be patient with such a pail, but after a day or two it will work well. Even in the "civilized woods" campers should always carry one or more gallons of pure drinking water. Stone or glass jugs answer the purpose, although they must be placed where there is no danger of their smashing.

There is no place in a car-camping outfit for that time-honored article the dish pan; it is too big. The best substitute is an ordinary enamelware hand basin. You can wash dishes in one quite easily, once the absence of the bass-drum-like dish pan of home is forgotten and may even continue to use the hand basin when you get home.

The cooking and serving of meals in camp is a delight to anyone who loves being in the outdoors. These homely, common tasks take on a new lustre, and we even find life-long recalcitrants—a kind word for slacker—almost fighting for a chance to wash dishes or to broil a steak at the imminent risk of losing an eyebrow. It's all great fun, this fooling round a kitchen of no dimensions, cooking and eating under the skies—yes, even when they rain a little.

and cause it to dive or move in an erratic way by slightly twitching the tip of the rod. That applies to lake fishing and to fishing the still pools of streams. When fishing fast water it is better to move the minnow rapidly, sometimes even to make it jump clear of the surface as a live minnow would in trying to escape from a bass or a pickerel.

Fly-fishermen use bright flies on dark days and dark flies on bright days. The same rule applies to fishing with the feather minnow. When you buy your outfit choose some of the modest-colored minnows as well as some of the brighter ones.

On lakes, fish just outside the rushes. Cast toward them, over weed beds, and on or just off the edge of sandy or rocky bars. On rivers fish along the edge of white water, smoothly flowing rapids, below dams and in the pools at the foot of rapids. Those are the places where in stream fishing you will find the small-mouth black bass.

When fishing sluggish streams, where as a rule the large-mouth bass will be found, try the weed beds, bars and rushes, as in lake fishing. Pike, pickerel and perch can also be taken on the feather minnow.

#### FADING OF RADIO SIGNALS

Why—What to do—

What not to do.

See

The Department Pages

July 16

#### SUCCESS IN ATHLETICS

IV. More Details for the Manager

**E**VERY team, club or athletic group of boys should have at least one adult adviser; more than one is better. The adviser may be the coach, but many coaches are too young to have the requisite force of character and prestige.

A group of boys may not of themselves be able to get the use of a gymnasium in the basement of a church or a school building or of a valuable tract of land or of the meeting room in a town hall. The officials or the owner will want some adult to stand sponsor, but a number of boys associated in an orderly manner, with some adult to speak for them, can command a respect that a disorganized, haphazard group never can command.

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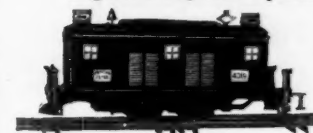
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2nd Prize 1500	15 Prizes of \$100	Sept. 15
3rd Prize 1000		

Every Kid who enters this Contest receives an American Flyer Engineers Cap and 5 pieces of "O" Gauge Non-Rustable Track.



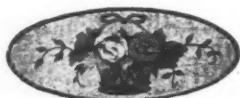
Have you seen the big "American Flyer" wide gauge electric train? It is already known as a WONDER TRAIN . . . It sure is a BEAR!

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## SCHOOL AND CAMP DIRECTORY

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**CAMP WILD-CROFT** North Windham, Maine

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**WILLISTON SEMINARY** Easthampton, Massachusetts

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By Alfred H. Bill

An American lad's thrilling adventures in France during Napoleon's reign. Frontispiece. \$2.00  
**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP**  
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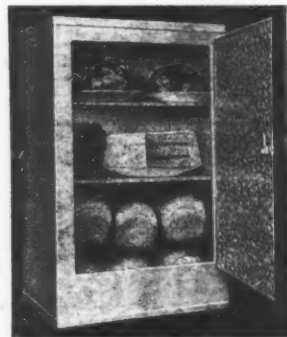
## HOME COMFORT Bread and Cake Cabinet

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It will preserve the freshness of your batch of bread to the last crumb; it will keep cakes, pies, cookies, and biscuits in an appetizing condition for many days—because it is constructed with a ventilating system that keeps the fresh air circulating through it at all times.

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The Cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode. The two shelves can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes.



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NOTE: The article offered is given only to present Companion subscribers to pay for introducing the paper into homes where it has not been taken the past year.

matter over among yourselves and consider the best man in your neighborhood. Make up a small delegation and call on him. Ask him politely if he will act as adviser to the team or club. Tell him what you hope to do and make him see that the use of his name will help you. If he will not serve, get him to suggest some one who will.

Nothing else so spurs a team on to victory as having its achievements mentioned in the newspaper, whether it be in the minor-sports column of the city daily or in the weekly newspaper of the smaller town or in the local news from the suburbs that appears in whatever paper serves the community.

### Go to the Local Editor

The way to keep your club in the eye of the public is to have the secretary or the manager go to the editor of the town newspaper or to the correspondent or the sporting editor of the city daily. Let him say just what sort of team you have and what you hope to do. Have him ask the newspaper man to print brief accounts of your games or sports from information that you will furnish.

Do not expect to see the full box score of your ball game appear in a daily newspaper. The editor must print the league games and other things first. But he will print the result of your game, perhaps the score by innings with batteries. If you get a new pitcher or catcher and furnish the news, he will make a note of it; if you rent a new gymnasium for winter sports, he will mention it. He may find room to print a group picture of the team if you furnish the photograph.

Whatever you do for the newspaper you do also for the club. People are usually much more willing to support with money a team that the press considers to be worthy of frequent mention.

Incidentally, the person who furnishes the papers with the news of the team or club has an excellent opportunity to get into newspaper work. One had begun to go frequently to the office of a certain newspaper some years ago. He took in news of his own ward baseball club. He was polite, but firm, and he was accurate. The editor asked him to keep track of youthful athletics in the next ward. He did that and received a small sum for each item he turned in. Inside of a year he was acting as a sort of assistant to the sporting editor, and in that way he paid his way through high school. He went to college and meantime worked as assistant sporting editor in the college town. When he was graduated he became sporting editor of a large paper in his home town and has just been promoted to be sporting editor of one of the largest inland newspapers in the country.

### In the Newspaper Office

When you go to the newspaper office with your items be brief. Have the items on paper, written in simple language. Minor errors the editor will correct. If you will give him the facts, he will do the rest. Don't take up his time by loafing in his office and don't go to him with arguments about referees or umpires or with tittle-tattle about other teams or clubs.

Let us assume that all the games have been played and the season is ended for your particular kind of sport or sports. If you have a year-round programme, the logical end is early April, between basketball and baseball, or in September, between baseball and football.

To get ready for the new sport year there should first be an inventory of all team property. Each uniform that is in good condition, each ball, bat, mitt, glove, net, club or what not should be accounted for. Uniforms, neatly washed and pressed, should be tied up in newspapers in such a way that moths cannot get at them. The old, worn uniforms should not be wrapped with the good ones, and no uniforms should be put away soiled, for they will mould and rot the good ones. Sneakers should be cleaned and wrapped. The uniform and the pair of sneakers that belongs with it, tied together and marked with the player's name, should be a size or two large the first year. Bats should be rubbed with linseed oil. Nets should be looked over, and torn meshes should be mended. Mitts should be oiled with a little neat's-foot or olive oil. Footballs should be deflated and unlaced, and the bladders should be taken out. The leather part of the ball should be oiled with neat's-foot or olive oil and then wrapped in newspapers. Rubber bladders should be kept in a cool place. Pumps for footballs and basketballs should be examined for leaky valves. Baseballs should be oiled and wrapped in oiled paper. Throw away the old lacings of basketball and football. You will then have to buy new ones for the next season and so will be protected against having a lacing break in active play, which causes delay.

In short, put every bit of equipment in good shape and leave it in the hands of some one who will care for it. Perhaps the adult sponsor will do that, or the coach or the father of one of the boys on the team. Put the equipment out of reach of those who might be tempted to take uniforms or other articles for use in camp.

### Winding Up the Season

At this time the manager should call a business meeting at which he can make the final accounting for the year. The report should be so full that no one can complain justly that good use was not made of the funds. At this

time, too, the club should arrange for some kind of spread to which the adult sponsor, the coaches and those who have acted as timers, referees or umpires and scorers can be invited. Such an affair need not be elaborate or expensive. It can be held at the club room, and the food need be only such as the mothers will supply; but if there is a good-natured review of the year's work and play, with jokes and songs and good spirits, the meeting will be quite as successful as a twelve-course banquet at a metropolitan hotel.

At the final meeting the captain for the next year should be elected, the manager chosen and the other officers named. That done, they should be authorized to make plans for the new campaign and should be directed to publish the financial statement.

Success in athletics consists in more than records on track and field or in the gymnasium. Behind every successful team is a successful manager, and to him a large share of the credit should go. He takes the kicks and criticism and gets little praise; but in doing his duty he learns to judge people accurately, to make business decisions, to act and think quickly. Such service is the best possible training for a boy's future. It calls into play the qualities that must be fostered if he is to succeed in the career of his choice.

## DON'T ASK QUESTIONS; USE A MAP

WHETHER your outing is a hike, a fishing trip, a bicycle ride, a motor tour or a airplane flight, you will enjoy it more if you have a good map along. Sign boards often fail to answer the questions you ask them, and they are always rather inaccurate as to miles. Other wayfarers may know their own route, but are not likely to be of much help with yours. Dwellers in the locality that you are passing through know the roads and paths so well that they tell you three or four different ways of getting to the same place and make their directions so detailed and confused that they are very hard to follow. A map tells the whole story quickly and simply and is always ready to repeat if you forget any one of its directions.

The large, folded pocket maps of states, counties, cities, towns, automobile routes or parks issued by map publishers and sold by local stationers throughout the country vary in use-

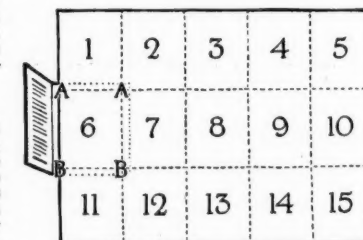


FIG. 1

Lay the map out flat. Cut along lines AA and BB and fold back sections 1 and 11. If they are of no use, cut them off.

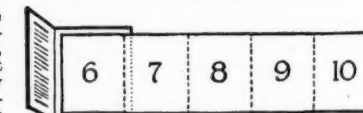


FIG. 2

Fold back the upper and lower rows of sections, one over the other. If the map has more than three rows of sections, make a new cover for it and refold it in three rows.



FIG. 3

Fold back the whole three-ply strip into the cover, doubling first left, then right to make an accordion pleat. Section 10 is on top when the folding is done. A warm flatiron is of use in making the folds smooth and neat.

fulness according to their detail and the way that they are folded. A map that shows only the principal motor routes is of little value for the hiker or bicyclist who is going only a short distance, or who may prefer side roads to main roads. A map that shows all roads is best. Its usefulness is even greater if it shows the heights and shapes of the hills and the locations of brooks, ponds and swamps. If the map shows only roads and towns, you may have difficulty in locating the particular crossroad where you are; but if it shows the hills and brooks and general lay of the land, you can easily spot your crossroad.

Most pocket maps come so folded that they



have to be entirely unfolded and laid flat before they can be used. That makes them inconveniently large and gives the wind a chance to flutter and tear them. Fold your map in the manner illustrated in the accompanying drawings and it becomes a book that can be used a page at a time, and that the wind cannot tear to pieces. Held right side up, the book opens to any location along the middle strip, and you



FIG. 4

A reduced photograph of pocket-size section A1 of the Andover, Massachusetts, sheet of the topographic map of the United States Geological Survey. The symbols used in the map are explained on every sheet

can follow your route east or west from one page to the next. Turned upside down, the book shows in the same way either the upper or lower strip, whichever you want.

The topographic maps of the United States Geological Survey, which supply much of the data for most commercial maps, are very clear and detailed, and their usefulness is limited only by the fact that it is not possible to keep them up to date in all sections of the country. This limitation is slight. A large part of the entire United States is mapped by the Survey. The maps may be bought of the Director of the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. They cost ten cents apiece in lots of less than fifty and six cents apiece in lots of more than fifty. An order for them should contain the name of the town (with county and state) in which you are interested.

The Survey maps are of nearly uniform size, about 16½ by 20 inches. The scale varies from four miles to the inch to one mile to the inch, depending upon the density of population and the general characteristics of the ground in the area mapped.

A convenient way to use these maps is to cut them up into pocket-size sections of about 4½ by 6 inches by dividing them along the meridians and parallels. On the back of each of the nine pieces that result from this division write the name of the sheet; on the front, in the upper right-hand corner, number the nine pieces in order, A1, B1 and C1 across the top line, A2, B2 and C2, through the middle, and A3, B3 and C3 for the bottom row. All round the edge of the map leave a white strip a sixteenth of an inch wide, so that it will just take in the names of the next adjacent sheets. This shows how different sheets match up and makes it easy to put the nine pieces together quickly.

When you start on your trip take along whatever cut-up sheets you are going to use. Suppose your starting point is on B2, which is always the middle one of the nine. If you travel, let us say, east, to the edge of this piece, you know that C2 is the one you want next; if south, you next pick up B3. If you reach the edge of the sheet by going east through C2, there is the name of the next sheet printed on the border. You want A2 of that. Or if you go south through B3, then you want B1 of the proper sheet. Use two large wire clips to hold the cut pieces together. It is well also to back the pieces with a sheet of stiff cardboard and to have a sheet of celluloid in front of everything.

### CAMP CONVENIENCES

ON rainy days in camp there are few diversions that are more agreeable than whitening, especially if you can whittle to some purpose; in other words, if you can make things that will be of use. The simpler the things are—the less they remind you of the implements and methods of civilization—the more fun you will have in making them. Here are a few suggestions.

#### A Flapjack Turner

Choose a tree, preferably a birch or a soft maple, about six inches in diameter, that has a branch an inch or so in diameter growing upward somewhat close to the trunk; that is, making a rather small angle with the trunk. With a sharp axe make cuts nearly halfway

into the heart of the tree, at the points marked A and B in Fig. 1. The first cut should be about six inches below the limb, the other as close above it as will leave ten inches or a foot of the limb attached to the trunk. Split out the section included between the cuts. It will look like Fig. 2.

Cut off all that part of the section which is behind the intended handle—in other words, which was above the place where the limb sprang from the tree—and flatten both sides of what remains of the trunk portion. Leave it about three eighths of an inch thick at the back, but taper it as nearly as possible to a knife-edge in front. Remove the bark from the handle, and you will have a griddle-cake turner (Fig. 3) the parts of which will never come unsoldered or unriveted.

#### Camp Tongs

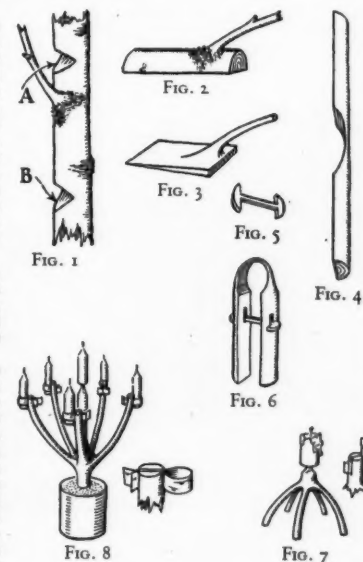
You can make them of any size you please—small, for use as sugar tongs, or large enough to handle brands at the fire or lift baked potatoes out of the ashes.

For sugar tongs, take a sapling of tough wood, like birch, hickory or white ash, an inch in diameter and cut off a piece of it twelve or fourteen inches long that has no limbs. Remove the bark and flatten the stick until it is half round, like a barrel hoop, throughout its whole length. For a space of four inches in the center of the flat side of the stick reduce the diameter of it gradually toward the bark side until it is not more than a quarter of an inch thick in the middle. Your stick will then look like Fig. 4.

Halfway between the reduced portion of the stick and the ends mortise with the small blade of your knife two holes, opposite each other, one inch long and a quarter of an inch wide, extending entirely through the stick, from the center of the flat side to the center of the rounded back.

Next, make a key two inches long, with a shank a quarter of an inch square and heads one quarter by three quarters. The form appears in Fig. 5.

Now bend the stick slightly and, holding the reduced portion in hot water, bend it more and



more until the two ends meet. Slip the key through the mortise holes and turn it round. One end should fit tight enough to bind, the other loosely enough to slip freely through the mortise and thus allow one leg of the tongs to "come and go." Your tongs when completed will appear as in Fig. 6. When the wood dries, the natural spring of it will hold the jaws as far apart as the heads of the key permit.

#### Camp Candlesticks

The branches of the fir balsam spring from the trunk at such regular points in its circumference that the tops of the small trees can easily be converted into pleasing candlesticks. Cut off a portion of the top that has a whorl of even-growing branches, remove the trunk part just above the branches, and make all the branches of even length—say three or four inches. Leave about an inch of that part of the trunk next below the branches and whittle it to a point. Turn the section bottom up and stick the candle on the sharpened point of the trunk portion. Your candlestick will be like that shown in Fig. 7.

By taking a larger section of the same kind of tree, you can make an excellent candelabrum for the camp table. In this case leave the branches ten inches or a foot in length, and that part of the trunk which was above the branches of about the same length—say a foot. Split the end of each branch for an inch or more and insert loops of birch bark. Plant the projecting portion of the trunk in a tomato can filled with sand, insert the candles in the birch-bark loops, and draw the loops tight. (Fig. 8.)

The bark loops can also be used in the single candlesticks, instead of sharpening the upper point and impaling the candle on it.



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Half the pleasure of buying a motor car rests in the conviction that you have exercised a sensible choice.

That pleasure is shared by every Dodge Brothers purchaser—not alone at the hour of purchase but ever afterward.

His good judgment is confirmed by everything that he continues to hear about the car, and everything that it does.

*Five Balloon Tires*



WILLIAMS  
PRINCE  
1925

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